

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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Every Friday 1½d.

HOW THE WORLD WAS SET ON FIRE

THE DESERTED SHIP

What Happened to the Crew?

MYSTERIOUS STORY FROM THE SCILLY ISLES

A remarkable story comes from the Scilly Isles. It seemed to those who watched the Marion Douglas, a three-masted schooner, as she rode uncannily towards Shipman Head, Brighter Island, that there was something wrong, and, rowing off to her, they found her in perfect order, but untenanted, with not one soul on board.

She sailed on, a deserted ship, like the spectre ship seen by the Ancient Mariner,

Without a breeze, without a tide.

She steadies with her upright keel!

There was nothing to explain her condition. She had a cargo of timber, and plenty of food and comforts. Nothing about her was damaged; yet the ship was without a living soul to guide or control her. The crew had vanished utterly, leaving all the boats, even including a first-rate motor-launch!

Mystery of Long Ago

Another mystery of this kind has defied the world for nearly half a century. In 1872 the Marie Celeste was found in precisely similar circumstances, abandoned, adrift on the high seas, and was taken into Gibraltar. She had sailed from New York to Genoa, with a captain, his wife, their six-year-old daughter, and ten men. No record is known of this ship after its sailing until it was sighted without a soul on board!

Everything was in perfect order. The log had been kept up to ten days before the discovery. The breakfast to which the captain, with his wife and child, had last sat down remained half-eaten on the table; work which the wife had begun remained half-finished in a sewing machine. The ship's papers and her chronometer were missing, but nothing else save the people whom she had carried.

Seaman's Wonderful Story

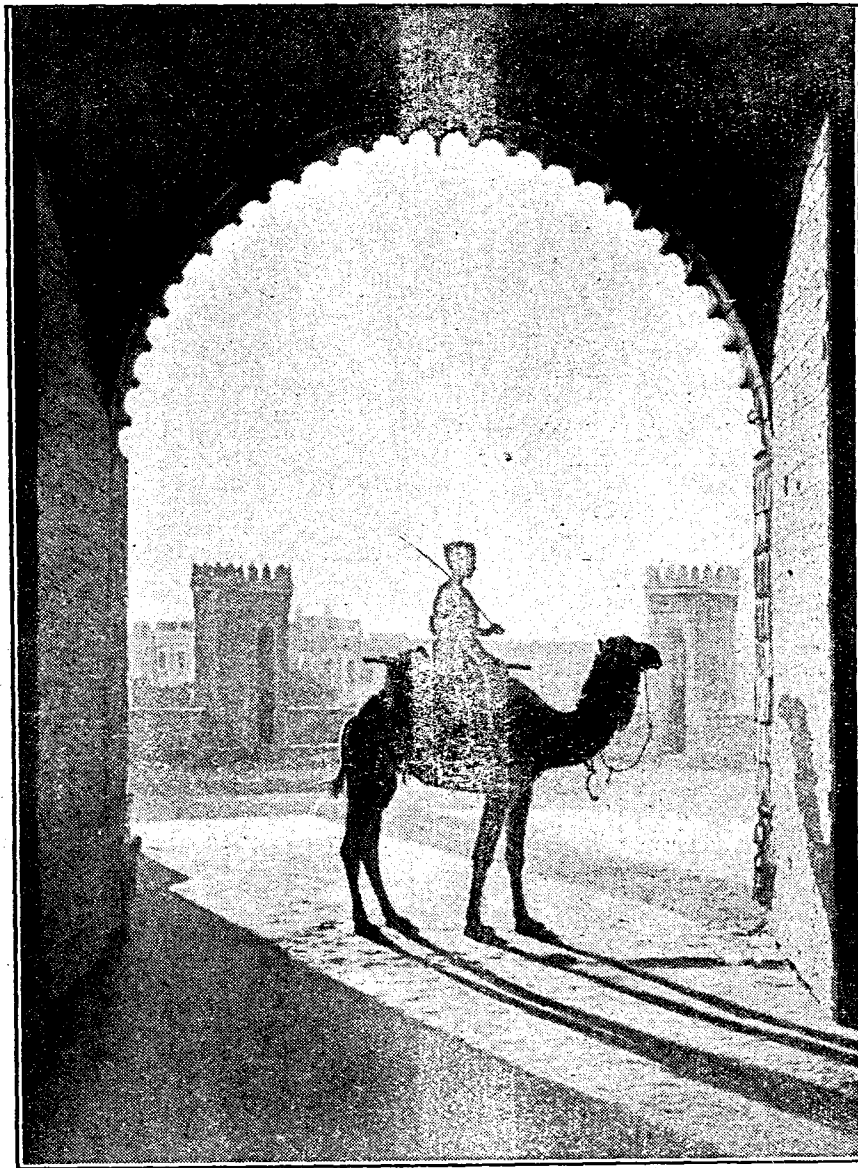
Forty-one years afterwards the first explanation was published by one who claimed to be the sole survivor. He declared that the captain lost his senses and jumped into the sea, followed by several would-be rescuers. The remainder crowded, to watch, on to a fragile deck built out for the baby to play in, and, the little deck breaking, all who stood on it were thrown into the sea, and only this one man was saved. He was saved, he said, by strangers, and taken to an unknown island.

It was a wonderful story, but nobody believed it, and the fate of the Marie Celeste remains an unsolved mystery.

A £100,000 Cigarette

The cigarette was never much good to anybody, and one of them, thrown away by a careless smoker, has just caused a fire in Montreal which did damage valued at £100,000.

Guardian of Peace in Pharaoh's Land



Looking down on the city about which the shadows of revolt have been gathering. A sentinel on the citadel of troubled Cairo

THE LADY IN THE HOUSE

Better Days for Parliament

The House of Commons has taken a great step forward towards the better days. The Children's Newspaper belongs to no party, but it believes that it was un-English to keep half the nation out of Parliament, and it congratulates Lady Astor on being our first lady M.P.

Lord Astor, the rising hope of great causes, has left the House of Commons against his will, but in taking a step down to the Lords he has been able to leave his wife behind in the Commons.

"Once more I give you of my best," he told his late constituents as he introduced his wife to them, and, looking down on the Commons when Lady Astor took her seat, he might have said the same to that assembly.

Lady Astor's first words in Parliament were "Hear! Hear!" to a very sound and noble sentiment, and, with the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers in her veins, she will always be on the side of the angels. That is natural. Photograph on page 12

AFGHANS INDEPENDENT

Country to Manage Itself

The last agreement made between the British in India and the Amir of Afghanistan has changed the relations between the countries, giving Afghanistan the right to enter on its own account into agreements with foreign nations.

The British have always been careful not to interfere in any way with the internal affairs of Afghanistan. The Amir governed the country as he thought well; but, for the better protection of India, the British restricted the Afghans from alliances with foreign Powers. Indeed, the foreign affairs of the country were practically under British control, and for this right of restriction a handsome subsidy was paid annually to the Amir.

Now the subsidy is withdrawn, and Afghanistan controls its own foreign affairs. This is safe now, with nothing to fear from Russia as an ambitious Power, whose friendliness with Afghanistan once had a disturbing influence.

HE WHO GIVES HIS LIFE

Doctor's Sacrifice for Mankind

IMMORTAL HEROES OF THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," says the Bible.

The love that causes a man to lay down his life willingly for mankind, all the people whom he does not know, is at least as great as the love that sacrifices itself for a friend. Such a man is a true hero. The last of the kind heard of is Dr. C. R. C. Lyster, of the Middlesex Hospital.

The X-ray treatment at hospitals has eased much pain and prevented more, but there is grave danger in it for the doctor who is constantly using the rays. More than one noble life has been sacrificed to these rays that cure disease.

Undaunted Courage

Used a little, the rays are beneficial; used too much they may do grave injury; and at times a doctor, in searching for a cure for terrible diseases, may die in a most painful way, his limbs becoming paralysed and decayed. First his fingers, then his hands, and then his arms may have to be cut off as they become useless.

The doctors know the danger, yet they go on with their work, relieving others, but literally giving away their own lives. No heroism of the battlefield can surpass that self-sacrifice, for it is deliberate. The hero has years to think about it, yet he goes on undaunted, knowing what the end will be.

Dr. Lyster has been working with the X-rays nearly a quarter of a century, and at last he has been obliged to retire, with his hands terribly mutilated.

Man Loved by All

For twenty years he has known he was doomed to be killed by the disease he was trying to cure. He has even offered himself for new and dangerous experiments that the world might benefit by the knowledge obtained, even if he himself were killed.

And he is a man whom all men would wish might go on living if they knew him, for everybody loves him—the patients he attends, the doctors and nurses who act with him, all children who come near him; and all dumb creatures feel at once the charm of his tenderness and devotion. We wish him all the happiness that can be his.

A Miser and His Misery

A miser has been found dead in a miserable house at Battersea, crammed with empty medicine-bottles. He had £300 a year, and died of starvation. He would have done much better to have left the medicine-bottles alone.

KAISER'S CONFESSION WAR-PLOT PROVED IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING

Pitiful Spectacle of the Madman on the Throne

HOW HE REALISED THE TRUTH TOO LATE

Time, which brings all things to light, has brought to light at last the absolute proof of the guilt of the war that set the world on fire. The evidence is in the Kaiser's own handwriting.

In the Foreign Office of Berlin lie all the documents that passed in those six weeks in 1914, when the two Kaisers made up their minds to go to war. These documents have been examined by a German writer, and they are probably the most terrible documents that have ever come into history.

The Children's Newspaper has made the facts quite clear before, but it is not possible to pass this witness who stands before all history for all time. Let us see what William Hohenzollern has to say.

Thou Art the Man

We must remember that an Austrian archduke had been shot in the streets, and that Austria made demands for reparation. Serbia granted these, and the whole of these documents show the Kaiser working desperately to prevent the peace which might then have come about. The evidence lies in notes made by the Kaiser on the margins of the documents.

One document is from the German ambassador at Vienna, who warned Germany against any hasty steps. On this the Kaiser wrote:

This is very stupid! It is no business of his. Please stop this nonsense. A clearance must be made of the Serbs, and that soon!

As the critical Thirteen Days drew near, the German ambassador in London was told to lie to the British Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, and on this the Kaiser wrote:

Quite right! But Grey must be told this very seriously and plainly, so that he may see I won't stand any nonsense.

An Emperor's Lie

Two days later a telegram was sent to the German ambassadors in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, saying that Germany had had no influence on the Austrian Note to Serbia, and knew no more of it than other Powers. This was a lie; the Emperor knew all about it. When the Note was presented, the Kaiser wrote:

Bravo! We no longer thought the Viennese capable of this. Just tread this rabble (Serbia) firmly under foot.

What was being started immediately was a war between Austria and Serbia, but it was expected that Russia would come into it. In a document which spoke of keeping the war within limits, the Kaiser put a sarcastic note of exclamation on the margin.

Hiding the Truth

The German ambassador in Vienna once more telegraphed, urging caution lest all Europe should be against them, and he was told to "carefully avoid giving rise to the impression that we desired to restrain Austria."

The actual declaration of war was made by the old Austrian Emperor at the bidding of his chancellor, Count Berchtold, who put into the declaration a false statement that Serbian troops had attacked Austria. This was done "to rouse the old gentleman" to sign the document, and, after he had signed it, Count Berchtold struck out the lie, because it had served its purpose. Now they had got their war.

But they reckoned without the powers of justice in this world. Suddenly there reached the Kaiser a warning from Sir Edward Grey which made the Kaiser tremble, and now his notes go on to call the English scoundrels. He could not control his fury with this man who had dared to fling Britain across his path, and he wrote:

He knows perfectly well that he has only to utter one word in Paris and Petersburg and they will both keep quiet; but he takes good care not to utter this word, and threatens us instead. Low hound!

Sir Edward Grey, let us remember, was a low hound because he would not keep France and Russia quiet while the Kaiser carried on his war with Serbia. On this same document the Kaiser wrote about England:

This pack of base hucksters has sought to deceive us with dinners and speeches.

Hymn of Hate

As the shadow of British intervention grew bigger the Kaiser shrieked out to his Chancellor an amazing hymn of hate for England. Too late he realised that he had gone too far, and that Britain would not stand aside while Austria, the Kaiser's tool, destroyed a little nation, and drove Russia into war. He shrieked like a madman about Edward VII.:

Edward VII. is dead, but he is stronger than I who am alive.

England, he went on, meant to destroy Germany, and had made the noose for the German neck. England had drawn a net over Germany, and the Germans had fallen into her trap. All this and much more the Kaiser wrote, and at last he burst out in his raving:

All these machinations must now be laid bare; the mask of Christian peaceableness must be openly and violently torn from them in public, and our agents must inflame the whole of the Mohammedan world into a savage uprising against this hated, lying, unscrupulous nation of hucksters. For, if we are to bleed to death, England shall, at the very least, lose India!

Curtain Falls on a Happy World

It had come too late, this madman's understanding of the fire that he had kindled. On the day that Britain declared war the King of Italy told the Kaiser that he could not join him in this adventure; and the Kaiser took up his pen and wrote after the signature of Victor Emmanuel the one word "scoundrel."

So the war began, with the Kaiser in a fury like a drunken man, buoyed up with visions of revolutions stirring in the East, with the knowledge that he had already stirred up Poland, and with his Chief of Staff suggesting that America would join with Germany, and take Canada as her prize!

What a pitiful spectacle it is! How appalling it is to remember that, in this madman's palace, the curtain fell for many years upon the happy days of the world!

CAT & DOG TALES

Blind Sailor and His Dog

DUMB FRIENDS THAT SEEM TO UNDERSTAND

Quite a number of our readers report the cleverness of their cats in opening doors and windows by lifting latches, and in tapping at windows or rattling door-knobs to attract attention, and so gaining admission.

A Watford correspondent says of her cat that, though he abhors music of any kind except the rattle of his meal plate, if he should be shut in the parlour he attracts attention by running up and down the keys of the piano.

THE CARRIER

A Newcastle-on-Tyne boy reports that when either his father or mother go shopping, they send home their small parcels by the dog, who brings them and barks till he is let into the house.

CAT THAT GUARDS CHILDREN

One of the best cat-stories is of a cat in East Lothian which acted as a guardian of small children. Our correspondent says:

I have a little cat we call Mina, because she was born in the stables of a coal-mine. She saw daylight for the first time when she was about six weeks old.

She shows little love for the children, and indeed almost ignores them until they cry, and then what a fuss she makes! She rubs against them, all the time making little coaxing sounds, just as she would to her kittens.

When baby was tiny, if I left her asleep and went out, I knew Mina would tell me if baby awoke and cried. She would dash out and mew loudly, and then dash back again, and keep repeating her journeys and mewings until she attracted attention; and then she would cease, and not seem to take the slightest interest in anyone.

LADDIE WAITS FOR LADDIE

A schoolboy of Wibsey, near Bradford, writes of the doings of his dog Laddie.

He waits for us coming home from school, and licks our hands as if to say: "How pleased I am to see you!" He whines by the door till I come with something for him to eat, and then begs and shakes hands, knowing that that will get him his dinner.

TIBBY IN THE HEN ROOST

A correspondent, writing from Motherwell of the family pet, says:

Tibby, the cat, lives in the hen-house, and passes the night in one of the nest-boxes, where one of the hens strangely prefers to sleep instead of roosting on a perch. The hen and the cat are quite at home and happy together. At times Tibby will lick the hen's feathers, purring for all she is worth; but this treatment the hen does not quite appreciate, and will "chock-chock," as if to say, "Here, less of that!"

THE BLIND SAILOR OF PORTSMOUTH

A Portsmouth lassie sends this pretty story.

As I was passing over the bridge at Portsmouth, towards the ticket box for the ferry, I saw that the old blind sailor who stands with his dog by the bridge had dropped his box, and was groping about for it.

His black dog saw what his master was doing, and the faithful creature picked the box up and dropped it into his master's hand, with a bark, as much as to say, "There you are, my dear master!"

PUSSY IN THE WELL

A reader at Wargrave, Berkshire, sends an interesting account of the rescue of a cat from a disused well, 70 feet deep.

She was there a day and night before we found where her cries came from. First we tried if we could get her out with a pail on a rope. Then a rat-trap was opened and fish put in to entice her into it. But these plans failed.

Then someone thought of a clothes-basket, so we put a rope in each handle, and bricks at each end to balance it,

and a piece of blanket and some fish in the middle.

There is some water in the well, but kitty got on some rubbish in a corner just above the water.

After we had let the basket down a little while she was quiet, and did not answer when we called. So we hauled the basket up.

After pulling for some time we called and she answered, and her cry seemed nearer. When the basket reached the top there was the poor, dirty, bedraggled little cat in the middle of the blanket, not seeming a bit the worse for her perilous adventure.

HOW POMPEY GOT THE SPONGE

It is well known that animals will combine to help each other. A lady writing from Warwick tells how two domestic dogs became leagued together in mischief. She writes:

Our old long-haired terrier, Pompey, had a peculiar fancy for tearing up sponges, so the sponges were hung in a rack high up on the wall.

Our smooth-haired young terrier, Blob, did not care in the least for sponges; but my brother, passing the bathroom, noticed Blob on a chair beneath the sponges, while Pompey, who was not so agile, was sitting expectantly on the floor. Then Blob mounted the window-sill, carefully reached the rack, and grabbed a sponge and gave it to the old dog, who took it gleefully and began to tear it up.

SULKES

Freda Marshall writes from Southampton:

When my cat mews for milk and is refused, it sulks, jumps on a chair, and turns its back on those in the room.

Also, when my attention is drawn to a baby brought into the house, the cat is so jealous that he will walk out of the room and wait till baby is gone.

YES, PLEASE!

A Walthamstow boy writes:

Our dog, Nell, is a faithful and intelligent animal.

When we give her food, we ask her to say "Yes, please," and she barks twice. She takes the paper upstairs to her master and drops it beside his bed. When she had a puppy, which we kept in the garden, she would divide her food and take some to him.

THE CAT AND THE TRAMP

A correspondent writing from Yardley, says:

Your tale of a cat's curiosity in watching the passers-by from a window reminded me of a cat who was particularly interested in a beggar who regularly passed our house.

He was a robust-looking man, but limped along and sang hymns in a melancholy voice. Obviously he was a fraud. Directly puss heard him approaching she would jump on the window-ledge, crane her neck, listen, and watch him till he was well out of sight.

When puss had a family and was too much occupied with domestic matters to mount the window-ledge, that did not prevent her showing her suspicion and anger. Directly she heard his monotonous wail she would growl and swear and continue her protest as long as he was within hearing.

Doubtless she was keen enough as a judge of character to think him an undesirable person to be near her family.

A DOG'S FRIEND

A Croydon boy says his grandfather had two dogs that were great friends.

One was run over and died, whereupon the other refused to eat, and died three days afterwards.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Perseus	Pers-yoos
Pleiades	Ply-a-deez
Auriga	Aw-ree-gah
Marie Antoinette	Mah-ree Ant-wah-nette
Einstein	Ine-stine
Felipe	Fay-leep-ay
Angeles	An-jel-ees
Chihuahua	Chee-wah-wah
Ecuador	Ek-wah-dor

GRIT ON THE FARM HEROISM OF THE LAND GIRLS

Taking a Man's Place in Danger
THE SPLENDID THINGS THEY DID

The splendid work and bravery of land girls has now happily been made fully known, and 55 of the girls themselves have been personally honoured by receiving the Distinguished Service Bar from the hands of Princess Mary, with whom they had supper.

In addition to the fine records we have already mentioned, the following instances may be noted, showing exceptional success in ploughing, shepherding, managing horses and cows, and exhibiting bravery and resource.

PLOUGHING

Miss M. E. Lennard (Wiltshire) won the county championship and broke several records. She cut over 120 acres of wheat in a week.

Miss D. McCrae (Cumberland) took full marks in a test, and ploughed land which men would not touch.

Miss M. Garnett (Kent), W. Worthington (Kent), J. S. Thompson (Berkshire), J. Smith (Berks), and M. Kisielowsky (Berks) ploughed more acres with less petrol than any men in their counties.

Miss B. Lewis (Flintshire) was given the ploughing prize for North Wales, and a bar for stopping a runaway horse.

Miss F. Brock (Lincolnshire) won a prize of £20 for most work with least fuel.

HORSE MANAGEMENT

Miss Chapman (Essex) mastered a runaway horse, and carried on with a broken bone.

Miss Lily Harrison (Hampshire) saved a pony from a savage hunter when the foreman would not try to do it.

Miss D. Lardner (Northampton) stopped two runaway horses in the street.

Miss M. Spiting (Yorkshire) stuck to runaway horses through the streets, and pulled them up.

Miss W. Walder (Yorkshire) rescued a horse entangled in barbed wire.

COW MANAGEMENT

Miss Bevis (Devonshire) tamed a savage and dangerous cow when others dare not go near her.

Miss N. Kenny (Yorkshire) nursed the girls ill with influenza at the depot, while also looking after the cows on the farm.

Miss F. E. Henley (Stafford) rescued a cow from drowning by roping her in midstream.

SHEPHERDING

Mrs. Hallam (Cornwall) beat all records with a flock of South Downs.

Miss K. Pitman (Wiltshire) had a successful lambing season alone in a shepherd's hut on the Downs.

Miss H. Surridge (Hereford) had great success with a pedigree flock through the roughest work of the year.

BRAVERY

Miss Aldcroft (Cheshire) stuck to a horse bolting with a hay-cutting machine, and guided it through a group of children.

Miss Phillips walked twelve miles through deep snow to fetch a doctor.

Miss E. Thomas (Wilts) put out a stackyard fire.

Besides the 55 Distinguished Service Bar decorations, land girls have won ten medals and diplomas for humanity and courage from the R.S.P.C.A.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

These prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of historic interest.

Two framed Gobelin tapestries ..	£12,180
A single diamond	£7300
Four enamel pictures	£3990
A 14th century manuscript ..	£3517
Two majolica dishes	£3150
An oval dish of 1567	£1837
Three Morland engravings ..	£1743
Suite of tapestry furniture ..	£1680
Pair of bronze busts	£1627
Pair of French candlesticks ..	£997
Terra-cotta bust of a girl ..	£840
Two armchairs	£840
Manuscript of a Kipling poem ..	£50
A letter of Dickens	£46

SNAIL'S HOUSE PROBLEM

Winter Burglar Who Eats
up the Tenant

AMAZING POWER OF A FLY

There is bad news from snail-land: bad for snails and bad for us. Scientists, seeking for the winter sleeping-places of the filthy house-fly, have made the astonishing discovery that some of these insects pass the winter, in the larval stage, within the shells of snails.

From the egg of the fly comes the larva, a maggot with powerful jaws, capable of eating garbage, and even the flesh of snails. It is found that the larva can gnaw through the defence with which a snail seals its shell, and, having entered, devours the snail alive. Having eaten its first victim, the grub leaves the empty shell and passes to another, and again breaks into the house and eats up its tenant.

In this way the fly can pass the winter in larval activity instead of resting inert and helpless as a chrysalis. Is this habit general, or is it the practice of only a local snail-raiding species of flies? That is what Mr. C. J. Gahan wishes to know, and he asks us all to send snails to him this winter at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

The matter is serious for snails. Already they have few friends, but if we find that they commonly harbour fly-larvae, then their dangers are multiplied. The larvae eat the snails, and we shall be the more anxious to seek out the snails to kill two pests at once.

AGNES WESTON

A Noble Woman's Monument

A very beautiful monument has been placed over the grave of Miss Agnes Weston, the best woman friend our British sailors ever had.

Miss Weston lies at Devonport, in sight of the sea whose men she loved, and in the heart of that corner of the world where she spent her life to serve them.

The monument has been set up by Miss Wintz, Miss Weston's lifelong



The Monument over Miss Weston's Grave

helper and comrade in the work of the Sailors' Rests which for many years served as homes for thousands of British seamen. The figure is cut out of Sicilian marble, and Miss Wintz likes to think of it as expressing these lines of which Miss Weston was so fond:

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor, furl the sail;
I am safe within the veil.

£100 FOR A BOY OR GIRL

Full particulars will be found, on a loose inset given with this paper, of a grant of £100 and one hundred other awards to boys and girls.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



After being flooded for 12 years, a colliery in S. Wales has been re-opened.

A judge has lately declared that he has never ridden in a Tube railway and does not intend to do so.

Before the war a railway coach cost £1200, a tramcar £900, and a motor-bus £650. The present prices are £4000, £2500 and £1200.

Four railway men at Bishop's Stortford Station, on the Great Eastern Railway, have between them completed more than 200 years of service.

Black Victoria

Experts say that Victoria, in Australia, has at least 30,000 million tons of coal.

A Million Pounds' Worth of Herrings

Over a million pounds' worth of herrings were brought into Yarmouth during the past season.

Mouse Fires a House

A house was set on fire at Swansea, and an old lady burned to death, through a mouse nibbling some matches.

A Weymouth Radish

A Weymouth reader sends us a drawing of a radish that grew in a narrow bed to a circumference of five inches.

New Use for Old Stamps

A woman who has just died near Bognor had the rooms of her house papered with old postage stamps.

Eating History

A number of Army Pay Records stored at Woking have been eaten by rats, whose love of history is unfortunate as there are no duplicates.

Norway Moving On

Norway is developing her water-power so as to provide electricity for heating houses and farms, as well as for working sawmills and factories.

Another Blow to King Coal

The P. & O. Company, the greatest of our shipping links of Empire, is following the example of the Navy, and arranging to use oil as fuel instead of coal.

No Honour Among Thieves

More than half the lifebelts placed on the Thames Embankment in London were stolen in one week. These mean thefts are constantly happening.

An Industry Lost

Sweden fears that, owing to lack of supplies of raw material during the war, she has lost her linen industry. Russia and Holland used to supply her with flax.

Drowned in Wheat

A workman has been suffocated at Leith by falling into a corn hopper and being buried in the wheat. He was discovered through his cap, which was found lying on the top.

Snakes

A newspaper correspondent in Japan says that one of the means adopted of disturbing a public meeting in Tokio lately was the setting free of a basketful of snakes on the platform.

The National Ass

The Camden Town Wesleyans have been voting on the cinema, and decided that it is a national asset. The compositor on a grown-up paper forgot two letters, so that the paper announced that the Wesleyans had voted the cinema a national ass!

BACK TO KING ALFRED.

It is said that in King Alfred's time England was so honest that a golden bracelet might be left in the streets and found again after many days.

This story is often sneered at, but something very like it is said to have occurred in the England of today.

A lady lost a pearl necklace worth £3000 in the busiest street in London, and it was returned to her two days after by two women who picked it up.

PEACE COMES CREEPING

WHY IT IS SO SLOW

The Troubles Among the Victors
TURKEY AWAITING HER DOOM

By Our Political Correspondent

War comes quickly; Peace is slow. "Peace comes scooting in" was one of the first headings of the Children's Newspaper; but real Peace rides, not on a scooter, but on a snail.

More than a year has passed since the chief countries at war signed the Armistice and ceased fighting, yet the Peace Treaty is not finally signed even now, and the war has not been brought officially to a close.

All thoughtful people knew that the war would not be settled quickly. The securities demanded to prevent more war were bound to lead to long and difficult discussions. But nobody thought the delay would be so serious.

It is serious because, until Peace is settled by being signed all round and ratified, the nations cannot turn with perfectly easy minds to the work which alone will bring renewed prosperity.

The Troubles

Why is Peace so slow? Whose fault is it? Let us look round and see.

Out of the seven chief nations that were in the war from the beginning, five and a half are anxious for a quick settlement; but one and a half have no Governments that can settle anything.

One was a twin Power—Austria-Hungary. Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, and Serbia have everything to gain by a promptly-made Peace. But Hungary, separated from Austria, had not, until quite recently, a responsible Government; and Russia is still without one. Russia is not at war with outside nations, but she is torn asunder by civil war, and has not a Government that other nations can trust. Her unrest and uncertainty are the chief cause of the world's uneasiness and insecurity now.

The other countries that have been fighting would, however, complete the Peace and leave out Russia, were it not that, of the five other European nations who joined in the war at a later period, only one is prepared to sign the Peace at once and carry out its terms honestly. Bulgaria has signed it. Italy is officially at peace, but is allowing the terms to be openly disregarded on the eastern shores of the Adriatic.

Turkey Waits

The other complications are that Rumania will not pledge herself to the Allied terms because her chief dispute is with Hungary, and Hungary has no responsible government. The American Republic is held back by its Senate, to the amazement and disappointment of all the world, thus dimming a glorious historical record; and till the Americans decide what they will do the settlement with Turkey cannot proceed.

And so, to the danger of the world, unrest ferments in the minds of the nations, and suspicions and rumours spread. The babel of American talk, the distracted weakness of the Italian Government, the stubborn selfishness of Rumania, go on delaying the Peace; and all the while stands Turkey, waiting with Oriental calm while those who will settle her fate make up their minds. J. D.

400-MILE MARCH ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE

What Seven Soldiers and a
Sailor Did

FLIGHT TO SAFETY IN A STOLEN TUG

Fact and fiction, history and romance:—which imitates the other? No writer of stories for boys could invent anything more improbably audacious than a real life story which has just been revealed in the Law Courts.

General Townshend, defender of Kut, entered Turkey a prisoner, and came out with peace proposals in his pocket; Commander Cochrane entered Turkey a prisoner and came away in a stolen tug, and got reward for it as a prize of war.

Westward Ho!

He and seven other Army officers were prisoners in a Turkish camp at Yozgad, in Angora, Asia Minor, and after 11 months of preparations they stole out of captivity in August, 1918.

There was a short cut of 150 miles to the Black Sea, but that would not have been a safe goal, nor would a march due south of nearly 200 miles, to the coast of Adana. They took the longest and hardest way, over 400 miles west for the Anatolian coast; and they marched, starved, and fought for over three weeks, in peril every moment, through sandy wastes, across hills and mountains, bravely westward-ho!

At one time they had to march with brigands, and when the brigands were attacked their own lives were in deadly danger. Twice their throats narrowly escaped the knives of wandering assassins. But they "slogged on," guided by Cochrane's sea-sense, which directed him always to the ocean. They reached the Anatolian coast west of the island of Korghos, and then were too spent to do more. For a week they hid.

Surprise for the Sentry

A month after their escape, they witnessed on the sea what seemed like a piece of magic to the eyes of Cochrane. A Turkish tug, towing a barge-load of stores, with Turkish officers on board, approached and anchored off the shore. The barge and the tug were unloaded, the crew came ashore and remained there, and a sentry was placed on guard.

A dinghy was left swinging at the stern of the tug, and our heroes swam out 300 yards to capture both the tug and the dinghy! They made a noise in attempting to raise the tug's anchor, and, being detected by the sentry, they had to hide and retire.

They tried again, swam the 300 yards of sea, raised the anchor, and then deliberately towed the tug out to sea, pulling her by rowing the dinghy. The men were faint and starving, but they accomplished their purpose, and, going on board, they succeeded, after frantic struggles, lasting four or five hours, in starting the tug's 50-horse-power engine.

A Haven of Refuge

The master mind of Cochrane enabled them to steer for safety, and they reached Cyprus without adventure, handing over the prize to the authorities there. Sea-sense, a compass, and a general knowledge of the lie of the island wrought this splendid bit of navigation.

"Besides," said Commander Cochrane, making light of the incident when the President of the Court expressed astonishment, "the mountains of Cyprus were visible 40 miles away." But we may imagine that not even the Apostles, in whose lives Cyprus so frequently figures, ever saw the island with more thankfulness than this handful of soldiers and the one handy sailor guiding them to their haven of refuge.

TWINS 50 MILLION MILES APART

Giant Suns Rushing
Through Space

LIGHT 36 YEARS ON ITS WAY TO EARTH

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Early in the evening, about seven or eight o'clock, there can be seen due east of Perseus, and a long way to the left of the Pleiades, a brilliant star far outshining all its neighbours. It is the famous Capella.

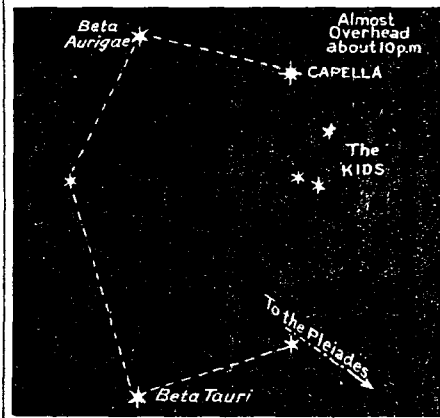
Our star map of the group of stars called Auriga shows her exact position. Close below Capella, slightly to the right, are three stars of almost equal brightness, forming an elongated triangle, popularly known as the Kids, Capella being—as her name signifies—the Goat.

Her lustre makes her the great rival of Vega, the star which occupies almost the same place above us in the summer evenings; indeed, astronomers have never quite settled which appears the brighter. But they have discovered what is of far more interest to us—that Capella is composed of a pair of great suns whose combined light is nearly double that of Vega, and 300 times greater than that of our Sun.

Two Mighty Suns

These two brilliant orbs have been calculated to be about fifty million miles apart, rather more than half the distance between our world and the Sun; and they revolve in an orbit about 300,000,000 miles round in 104 days, speeding along at about 35 miles a second, nearly twice as fast as the Earth.

But how very different from our little world are these two great suns of Capella! It would take 2,800,000 Earths to make one of these two giant



Capella, the Goat Star

suns; indeed, our own Sun would make but one-eighth part of either of them, so that if we were as near to these twin suns as to our own we should have 300 times the light and 300 times the heat that we have now, for each of these splendid luminaries is very similar in age and composition to our Sun. The sea would boil, and everything on our globe would be reduced to cinders, if Capella changed places with our Sun.

Great Marvel of Light

It seems scarcely possible that such an immensity of fiery matter and energy could be contained in this point of light shining above us like a celestial topaz, but when we remember the colossal abyss existing between its source and our eyes, a distance 2,268,000 times that of our Sun, the marvel is that we can see it at all. As it is, his light has taken 36 years to reach us.

Our world would be quite invisible to any beings near Capella—or indeed near any other star we see—even if they had telescopes as powerful as ours, and it is for ever likely to remain so, for Capella is speeding in almost the opposite direction to us and our Sun, and every second we are 15 miles farther apart.

We can thus understand that there are doubtless many millions of worlds as large and beautiful as ours of which we can have no knowledge, because they are not shining suns. G. F. M.

WEATHER NEWS BY WIRELESS

Daily Silence for Ships
and Stations

LAMP THAT SENDS A MESSAGE

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Arrangements are being made to collect weather knowledge by wireless messages from ships all over the world. The British Admiralty has begun fixing observation points in the Atlantic Ocean; and as ships approach these points they will telegraph the condition of the weather three times a day. Receiving stations in Ireland will listen for the reports, and all other ships will keep quiet so as not to interfere.

In this way the weather of the world will be mapped out, and our daily forecasts will be more reliable. Every great storm in the Atlantic will be tracked and reported by steamers. Already wireless weather bulletins are sent out at fixed times every day by 16 countries.

It may be necessary to arrange a world-wide convention for silent periods three times a day, in which weather-wirelessing will take place, but before doing this it is proposed to publish a three-letter signal to be flashed across the ocean, ordering ships not to use their apparatus while weather messages are being sent. Both aircraft travel and shipping traffic are likely greatly to profit by this new system.

LAMP THAT HEARS A WHISPER

The most marvellous instrument used in wireless is little more than an ordinary electric lamp; it was, indeed, a scientist's curiosity about some ordinary lamps which led him to invent the earliest form of modern wireless receiver.

Now, this receiver performs a variety of parts, for, in addition to being an electric lamp, it is a valve, allowing electricity to pass through it in one direction, but not the opposite way.

Besides this, it not only traps the wireless signals, but makes them much stronger, so that the distance over which we can do useful wireless work is much greater now than a few years ago. The instrument enables us easily to receive messages which a pre-war receiver would not have been able to hear even as a faint whisper.

Stranger still is the fact that this lamp is not only a receiver but a sender too. We simply make the valve work backwards, so that, instead of taking in electric waves, it throws them out, and these waves are controlled by the wireless operator, who allows them to escape in long and short batches, corresponding to the Morse code.

It is extremely likely that before long the powerful machines and sparks now used at sending stations will be replaced by these lamps, which throw out the electric waves over space with no sign that anything unusual is happening.

SLOWING DOWN A MESSAGE

Although many people know that wireless signals travel through space at 186,000 miles a second, it may not be generally known that wireless messages can be sent at 100 words a minute.

In order to form some idea of what this speed means, we should note that the most skilled land-line telegraphist cannot exceed a working speed of 40 words a minute. Each word is sent in the form of a combination of dots and dashes.

When in the form of wireless waves, a dot is a certain amount of electricity, and a dash is a large amount. The effect of the electricity is manifested at the most distant receiver in a fraction of a second as a little buzz in a telephone, but as the words arrive at 100 per minute, the operator cannot decipher them—they form a continuous buzz.

A very ingenious method overcomes the difficulty. The telephone is connected to an apparatus which makes a kind of gramophone record of the signals, and all the operator has to do is to set the record revolving at a convenient speed, and he can then read the signals.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

WHAT A TEA PARTY COST

Two of the World's Great
Liberators

A COMMON MAN WHO BECAME A MASTER PAINTER

- Dec. 14. Washington died at Mt. Vernon . . . 1799
- 15. Romney, artist, born at Dalton-in-Furness 1734
- 16. Boston Tea Party began American revolt 1773
- 17. Simon Bolivar, S. American patriot, died 1830
- 18. Samuel Rogers, poet, died in London . . . 1855
- 19. J. M. W. Turner, artist, died at Chelsea 1851
- 20. Richard I. made prisoner at Vienna . . . 1192

Boston's Tea Party

GREAT BRITAIN lost her American Colonies in the stupid days of our German George III., because he would insist on imposing taxes on the colonists without their consent. The dispute came to a head when three cargoes of taxed tea reached Boston Harbour, and were thrown overboard by a mob.

Fighting did not begin till over a year later, but that was the act which showed that there must be either agreement or war; and no one was wise enough to make an agreement. So we fought and lost the Colonies that have now grown into the United States.

George Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the American commander-in-chief in the War of American Independence, and first President of the United States, was a rich Virginian who had served in command of the colonists when, with England, they fought the French in Canada.

When Great Britain claimed the right to tax the colonists without their consent, Washington declared himself an American, and conducted the war against incompetent British generals.

Americans now generally admit that England properly expected the American colonists to pay a share of the expense of the defence of America against other nations, but England was wrong in imposing the payment without allowing the colonists a voice in the matter.

George Washington was a cold, polite, self-possessed man, who, after he had won the war, became unpopular, as many of his countrymen thought he was aiming at being a dictator.

Simon Bolivar

SIMON BOLIVAR was one of the great Liberators of modern days. He rescued a large part of South America from bad government by the Spaniards, though it cost nearly twenty years of fighting to do it.

Bolivar was a Venezuelan, and his earliest operations against Spanish rule were in his native State; but between 1810 and 1825 he fought in all the parts of northern and western South America till the countries now known as Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia were all freed.

He was so great a man that Bolivia was named after him, but his success made him distrusted, and his last years were clouded by ingratitude. South Americans, however now regard him as their greatest patriot.

He was a man of good birth, was well known in England, and was keenly supported by bands of our adventurous countrymen.

Turner

J. M. W. TURNER ranks as the greatest English painter of landscape, and perhaps the greatest who has lived anywhere.

He was a strange and unsatisfactory man, full of faults. The one thing he could do was to paint.

For the rest, he was ill-educated, odd, miserly, slatternly and coarse. He seemed to slink through life in a purposely lonely way; though he travelled widely, he travelled secretly.

His industry was very great, however, and he left a great number of paintings and drawings, both in some respects unexcelled. Many were left to the nation.

Why Britain is not Frozen—Its Snug Place in the World Map

It is reported that very severe cold is being experienced in Canada and the United States on one side, and in Russia and Siberia on the other. All Russia's northern ports except one are closed by ice, and the ports of the Great Lakes in America and on the St. Lawrence River, including Montreal and Quebec, are also frozen and will remain useless till April.

Yet, strange to say, London and Bristol and Liverpool and other British ports, which are 400 or 500 miles nearer the North Pole, are not only free from ice, but are, with the whole of Great Britain, enjoying a temperature 20 or 25 degrees higher than the ports in Canada.

Britain's Favourable Situation

Further, the northern part of Norway, right up in the Arctic Circle, is far warmer than Canada; and warmer than Odessa, 1500 miles nearer the Equator.

Apart from other considerations, all places of the same latitude, that is, places on a line running round the earth parallel with the Equator, should have

the same temperature, as they all receive the same amount of sunshine. But, fortunately for us, climate does not depend upon latitude alone, and Britain is, indeed, favourably situated.

Our Ever-Open Gates

The existence of the United Kingdom as a great maritime and manufacturing power, and even as a nation at all, depends upon our having ice-free ports and a moist, genial climate all the year round. Without ever-open ports we could have no foreign trade at all, nor could we import enough food to support a large population; and without our moist and genial climate we could not carry on such manufactures as cotton.

What is it, then, that keeps us warm while other places nearer the Equator are held for months in an Arctic grip that renders them powerless? It is our peculiar position in the Atlantic Ocean, right in the track of the great warm current that for ever sweeps up from the tropics, warming us as a hot-water bottle warms our feet in bed.

The sun pours down on the tropical ocean, making the surface hot, and though water takes a long time to get hot in this way, it keeps its heat when once it has absorbed it. Then come the westerly winds that are blowing regularly all the year, and they blow the warm surface water across the Atlantic to where the British Isles peep up out of the waves. This warm water wraps us round like a woollen scarf, and so all the winter we have a temperature not much lower than in Florida, where pineapples grow and alligators creep.

Cold Current from Greenland

The eastern coast of America does not get the benefit of this warm current, which in one place is called the Gulf Stream because it starts in the Gulf of Mexico. The reason is that there comes down from Greenland a cold current, often carrying icebergs, which flows between the warm current and the American shore, and not only makes America cold, but condenses the warm vapour of the Gulf Stream, when it

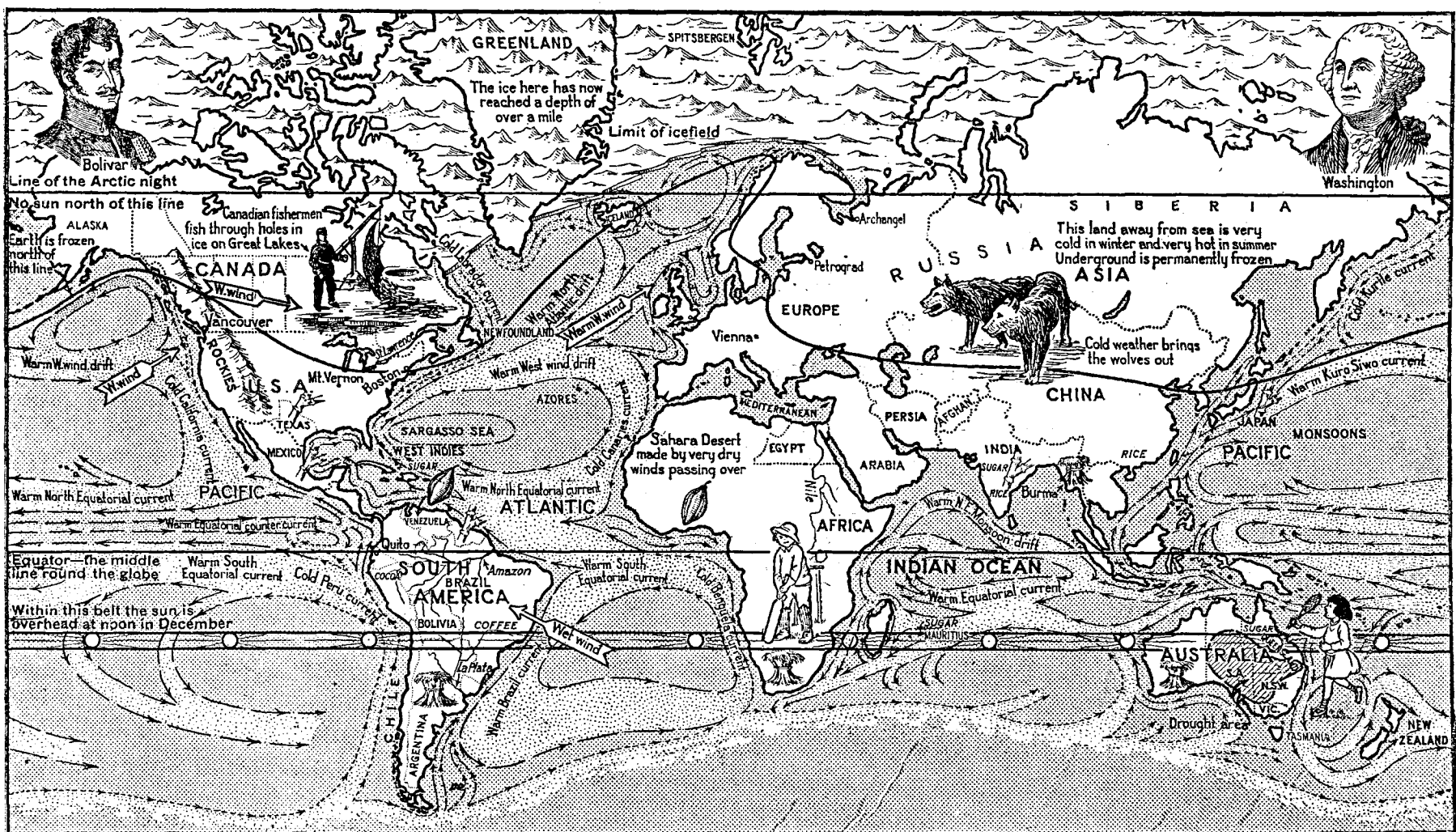
meets it off Newfoundland, into the thick fogs which endanger ships and caused the sinking of the Titanic.

These warm, westerly winds blow also in the Pacific, and keep the western shores of America warm while the eastern shores are in the grip of ice.

If the Westerly Wind Stopped

Countries such as those of Western Europe and America which receive these regular westerly winds have evenly distributed rainfalls throughout the year; but other lands, such as India and the lands of South-Eastern Asia and Eastern Australia, have to depend on periodical winds, or monsoons, which bring rain only in certain months.

If the westerly wind that blows across the Atlantic, pushing with it the warm water from the tropics, were to stop blowing for one month the United Kingdom would be imprisoned in the grip of ice, all our ports would be blocked, no food could come, work would almost cease, and the nation would perish.



PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING THE WARM AND COLD CURRENTS THAT SWEEP ROUND THE SHORES OF THE CONTINENTS

PRIZES GONE ASTRAY

Warning to Those About to Leave Fortunes

Those who mean to leave great fortunes for committees to distribute should take warning from the committee whose business it is to administer the Nobel Prizes, bequeathed by M. Nobel from the fortune he made out of dynamite.

The grants made by the Nobel Committee have long ceased to do the committee credit, and this year, after announcing that no book has been written worthy of the prize for literature, the committee solemnly awards all three science prizes to Germans!

As the prize fund was established to promote the cause of peace it seems a pity that it cannot be administered with some approach to reason.

FOR THE BRAVE

Quarter of a Million War Honours

How many of the 6,196,000 men who in the Great War fought for Great Britain, from the homelands, colonies and India, won some special honour by their bravery?

The total number decorated reached 249,387, or, in round figures, a quarter of a million. Most of these were divided into five main classes, as follows:

V.C.	577
D.S.O.	8883
M.C.	36,730
D.C.M.	24,420
M.M.	114,529

Besides these honours, 7321 officers and men who had already received a decoration were given bars.

THE GREAT SILENCE

How It Followed the Flag Around the World

An interesting point has been raised about the Great Silence.

It was not possible, of course, for the whole British Commonwealth to keep silence in the same two minutes, for half its people would be in bed. Presumably it was kept throughout the Empire whenever the clocks struck 11, and in that case it is interesting to remember that there would not be a single two minutes of the 24 hours when some part of the Empire would not be keeping silence.

It is a dramatic little picture for the history books, this silent Two Minutes following the British flag around the world, without a pause by day or night.

FROST IN THE FALKLANDS

Does it Freeze the Fresh Water There?

Mr. Edwin H. Round, of Cambridge, a native of the Falkland Islands, who lately left them for the Old Country, writes a welcome note about the report that all the fresh water has been frozen.

He doubts the correctness of the statement. He has never known snow to be melted there for drinking purposes, though the frost is severe at times.

In Port Stanley, he says, where they have to depend on rain-water for drinking, each house is supplied with tanks or barrels, which are filled by water caught from the roofs, and in winter there is no scarcity of water. In the country places water from springs is always available.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 13 1919

We Thank the Profiteer

NOBODY else seems to think of doing it. Not a word of praise does he get.

It is true that he has made milk so dear that babies die for want of it. It is true that he has made coal so dear that the poor shiver and starve by empty grates. It is true that he has grown enormously rich by making life harder for most of us. But think what he has left us!

The glory of an autumn day costs no more than before the war. The reds and browns and golds in Oxford Street windows are abominable prices, but the reds and browns and golds of the countryside are no dearer than before. It does not cost a penny more to walk through a wood.

The sunset costs no more, though every time it comes it seems more wonderful. Nobody has put up the price of the warmth of the sun, or of the light it pours forth all day long.

The air we breathe is as cheap as ever. It is as pure as it was, it rushes through our bodies surging with new life, yet for all the rising prices our oxygen does not cost us more.

Without money and without price the birds still sing. The jay dashes through the wood in his handsome coat; Robin Red-breast hops about the door; the tits are in and out among the shrubs; and the music and gladness of an autumn day are free for all. The stillness and the sounds cost not a penny more.

No dearer is the vision of the matchless landscapes of this little land of ours, with the hills that go leaping on, the snug little valleys that lie between, the green carpet stretched across a thousand fields, and the trees that raise their heads against the sky. The price of a landscape painting has gone up, but landscapes are as cheap as ever.

The roses cost no more—and they are blooming in December. The yew hedge is looking like a dream; the red berries of the berberis are hanging like thousands of rubies; the firs are fair beyond compare; the escallonia is clinging to the wall. They have come through the war; they have had to fight with poverty and neglect; yet there they stand, and they cost no more.

The stars by night and the sun by day, the silence that is in the lonely hills, the dreams that lie hidden in the wood, the wonder of a country lane, the marvel and the music and the mystery of this natural house that we inhabit, built without hands and costing us nothing, are as free as in happier days.

Yes, there are things the Profiteer has left us still, and we are thankful.

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Eggs Is Eggs

A FAMOUS entertainer tells, in a newly-published book, of his adventures in South Africa.

In visiting a certain town he was warned that unless his performance was satisfactory he might expect trouble. "They throw eggs here," he was told. "Oh, I'm used to eggs," he replied. "Ah, but these men throw ostrich eggs," was the startling rejoinder.



What Will He Do With Him?

The old troubles of Mexico are troubling the United States, which is puzzled to know how to deal with the unruly nation on its borders.

A Bright Book

A NEW book is called "The Face of the World." We understand that the mouths of the rivers occupy so much space in it that there is little room for its Roman nose. But the book is full of happy expressions and contains some remarkable new features.

The Cheshire Cat

LORD BEATTY is a sort of Cheshire man; he went to Cheshire, he says, when he was one year old. The Lord Chancellor, who is another Cheshire man, told a meeting the other day that he thought Lord Beatty should have gone a year before!

But what we liked at this meeting was the Lord Mayor of London's way of making the Cheshire Cat responsible for Dick Whittington.

Cheshire, he said, was famous for its cheese; cheese feeds mice, mice feed cats, and the cat made Whittington Lord Mayor of London. Such is the wonderful philosophy of a Cheshire Cat.

Postmen with Character

EVERYBODY will admire the Hampstead postmen. They have made up their minds that it is undignified to call at a door like a beggar and ask for a Christmas-box, and the Hampstead branch of the Postmen's Federation has decided to abolish the custom.

In these days of good wages, when the people who usually give Christmas-boxes are getting poorer and those who usually receive them are getting richer, it would be a good and fair thing if postmen everywhere—and many other people too—would follow the Hampstead men.

"To civilise a nation you need three things—schools, schools, and schools."

TOLSTOY

What You Never See

OUR Dr. Merryman on page 11 has been caught napping. Among the things we never see he put the stud in a horse's collar, but a Hampstead lady reminds us that we do see studs in a horse's collar, for Shakespeare says:

Thy horses shall be trapped,
Their harness studded o'er with gold and pearls.

All is well that ends well, and we like our correspondent's final words: "One thing you never do see is anything half so good as the Children's Newspaper."

Tip-Cat

THERE are complaints that the Kaiser's trial was fixed in an off-hand way. The Kaiser feared it would be fixed in an off-head way.

Food for thought: Fancy bread.

Herr Erzberger has been warning the Germans that "taxes will be a drop in the ocean." He must have been thinking of the water rate.

Season tickets: Christmas cards.

Mary had a little lamb,
A very small, thin slice,
For that was all she could afford
At the prevailing price.

Seems easier to get into war than peace.

Criminals have received with complete satisfaction the news that Detective-Inspector Currie has retired from Scotland Yard. He was always a great nuisance to them.

High Water: Lake Superior.

Krupp's are making fish-hooks. Now they may catch something.

Food continues to rise. I always did, says the radish.

It is laid down by an authority that "the price of buns can only be thrashed out by the customer." The word *by* is believed to be a misprint for *of*.

An article on the Prevention of Pipe Bursting informs us that "the who'e secret of protecting pipes from cold is to keep them warm." How do people get to know these things?

SMOG

What is it, in the year's sad fall,
Descends on London like a pall,
And stifles some and chokes us all?
Smog.

What is it that's composed of smoke,
And fog and smuts and soot and coke,
And gives our lungs a gaseous soak?
Smog.

Till all men rise to put down coal,
And gas-fires blaze in every soul,
Let this new word thro' London toll—
Smog!



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
Why stupid people
call the bad old
times good old
times.

The Three Good Things

By Harold Begbie

THERE are three good things,
and the best of things,
That money cannot buy;
Other good things have all got wings,
And away, away they fly;
But the three best things are like
Saturn's rings,
A part of the endless sky.

ONE good thing is a home of love
With a winding stair to the world above,
And a light in the window shining wide
For the lonely soul in the street outside,
And a door that is never locked nor barred
Lest one should come who is evil-starred,
And a little white table sweetly spread
With country cresses and wheaten bread,
And an easy chair by the fire's bright glow
For your latest friend or your oldest foe.

THE second good thing beneath God's sun
Is the sleep that follows a task well done,
A game well played, and a race well run.

AND the third good thing, and best of all,
Is a soul that leaps to its Master's call,
A soul that burns with a steady flame
To one pure purpose, to one high aim,
A soul that finds in its work the plan
Which makes one music of God and man.

THERE are three good things,
and the best of things,
That money cannot buy;
Other good things have all got wings,
And away, away they fly;
But the three best things are
what true love brings
To the heart that lives thereby.

Proverb of the Day



To Those who Would Get On:
Hoist Your Sail when the Wind is Fair

A Prayer for Help

Father, oh, bless Thou me!
Living or dying, waking or sleeping,
Such as I am, I commit to Thy keeping:
Frail tho' I be, Lord, bless Thou me!
Father, guide Thou me!

INTERVIEW WITH THE WHITE RABBIT

What he Would Do with William Hohenzollern

A LIMELIGHT TRIAL

By Our Correspondent in Wonderland

"CAN'T stop! can't stop!" said the White Rabbit.

I caught it by the ear.

"You have got to be interviewed for the Children's Newspaper," said I firmly.

"The Queen is expecting me!" it exclaimed; "and I hear on excellent authority that her most gracious Majesty is in a tearing and raging temper this morning. However—"

"Tell me, Rabbit," I inquired, releasing its ear and taking out my notebook, "what are your views on the subject of the Kaiser's trial?"

"Ah!" said the Rabbit, "that's a topic, that is! Let us sit down."

When we were seated, it continued:

"My experience of Royalties, ex and active, leads me to say, Leave the Kaiser alone. On the other hand, my experience of trials by jury prompts me to plump for his arrest. I love a trial. I dote on trials. The more trials the better, so long as they aren't mine. Yes, I should say he must be tried."

"It won't be easy to manage," I said.

"You mean that he will probably object?" queried the Rabbit. "Well, I'm not so sure about that. It must be very tedious for him to live like a gentleman. I think if you were to put it to him nicely, assuring him that the newspapers would report everything he said, and that he would eventually wind up on the films, he might jump at the idea."

"The point is," I objected, "what is the precise charge against him?"

"Oh, that's easy!" cried the Rabbit.

THE Queen of Hearts plays many parts To make us good and gay; The Knave of Clubs, he always rubs Mankind the other way.

"This particular knave, you will remember, went about the world with two big clubs, an army and a navy, and he did nothing else but upset the apple-cart of peace and prosperity. Charge him with being a knave."

"And the evidence?"

"Well, there's this document, for example," said the Rabbit, feeling in his pocket and producing a sheet of paper. "I read it to the Queen only yesterday, and her most gracious Majesty made but one comment."

"May I see the evidence?" I asked.

"I'll read it," replied the Rabbit.

Amid dead silence in Wonderland the White Rabbit read out these verses:

THEY told me guns are jolly things,
And shells are meant to burst:
I said I thought of all earth's kings,
I ought to be the first.

SHE said she thought I might be wrong;
Her croakings spoiled my spree.

I said, If War don't come along,
What will become of me?

I GAVE them one, they gave me two,
It was a lively scrap:

My Zepps and U-lambs almost blew
Britannia off the map.

I OFFERED Peace; they made a fuss.
I said, you'll rue this day;

And when the thing got dangerous
I neatly ran away.

MY notion was I should not be
An outlawed biter bit;
But swallow up the earth, the sea,
Him, and yourself, and it.

Continued under the Cartoon

SWIMMING ROUND GREAT BRITAIN

Curious Fish Mystery

The migration of herring and mackerel round our coasts has been regarded as a mystery, but it is now said to be simple. The fish always swim from left to right.

In a tank where mackerel are confined it has been found necessary to construct an island in the middle of the tank, otherwise the fish swim straight for the glass and injure themselves; but, give them an island to swim round, and they sail on from left to right contentedly.

Great Britain is such an island, and round it the fish circle steadily, with the coast always on their right, obeying an instinct beyond our knowledge.

WHO KILLED THE RABBIT?

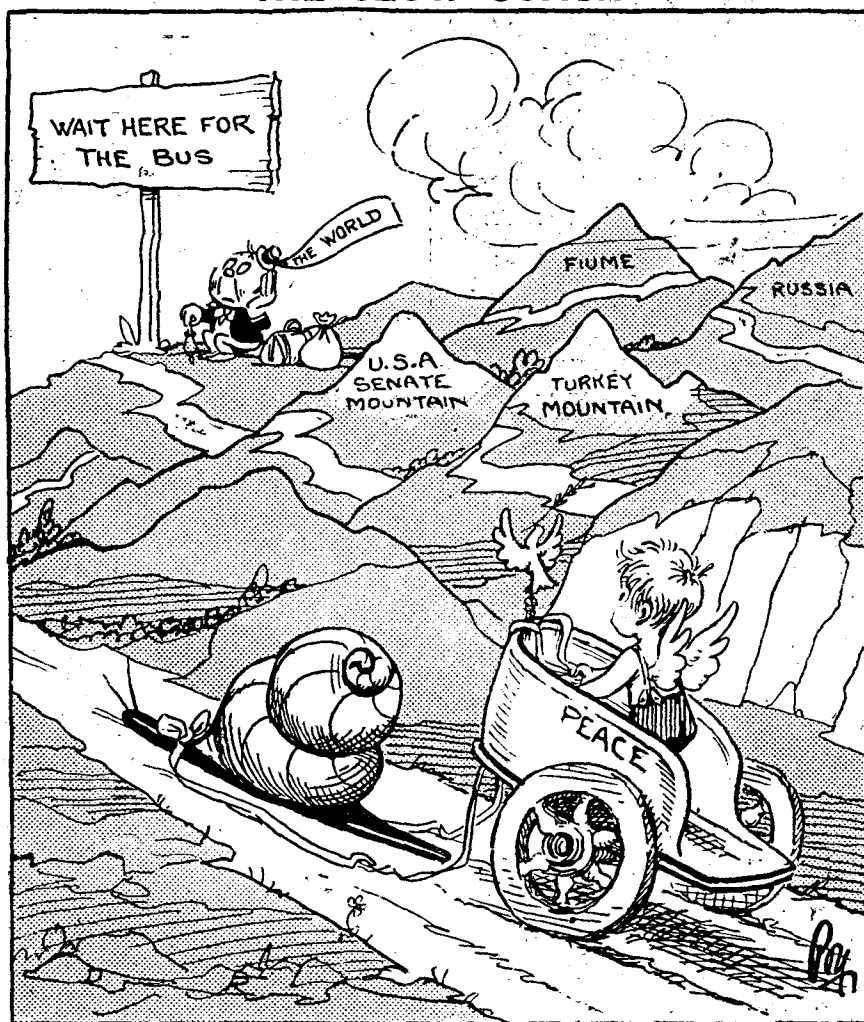
The Weasel or the Man?

A curious adventure befell a sportsman out with his gun at Scarborough. Firing at a rabbit, he shot the rabbit, and a weasel too.

It appeared as if the weasel had just seized the rabbit at the moment the man fired, as the rabbit was still in the grip of the weasel's teeth when the two were picked up.

The interesting question arises: Who really killed the rabbit, the weasel or the man? Presumably, the weasel had the victim in his grip before the shot was fired, so that for that poor rabbit death was doubly certain.

THE SLOW COACH



War comes like a lion's leap: Peace creeps at a snail's pace.

DON'T let them think I am unkind,
Or that I willed the War;
I have a most delightful mind,
And make the children roar.

When the rabbit had concluded his reading, I inquired if the verses were in the Kaiser's own handwriting.

"That question was put to me by the King," said the Rabbit.

"And how did you answer it?"

"Before I could answer it, the Queen said, 'Off with his head!'"

"What did the King say?"

"Before he could say a word," said the Rabbit, "the Duchess entered the room with the pepper-pot."

"I see."

"The point," said the Rabbit, returning the verses to his pocket, "is that, as the father of Little Willie, the Kaiser must be worthy of penal servitude."

"You don't feel," I asked, "that it is more fitting to leave this man ignominiously as an outlaw of the human race?"

"I do—I don't," replied the Rabbit. "That is to say, as a man I do, and as a journalist I don't. You see, the Trial of the Kaiser would afford me the opportunity of my life. I should be in

Court, of course, and I should feel that every word I wrote with my fountain-pen was history. I can imagine myself, for example, beginning in this style:

PRISONER at the bar,

You have gone too far:

You are in this place

Arraigned by the human race;

We need not tell you why

You deserve to die:

You have no reason to give

Why you should live;

But it is only right to say

That you shall wear a new uniform

every day,

And make four or five long strictures,

And afterwards be put on the pictures.

Your exit, in fact, shall be a splendid

rite:

Out you shall go in a blaze of lime-

light.

"But what am I doing?" exclaimed

the Rabbit, pulling out its watch with

trembling fingers. "If I'm not careful

it's my head that will be struck off."

And jumping up, and racing off, he

added sorrowfully: "A little limelight

is a wondrous thing To help the execu-

tion of a king!"

STARVING CAPITAL

NATION'S WEALTH MELTING AWAY

Tragic Decline and Fall of a Beautiful City

CHILDREN DIE OF HUNGER

The great city of Vienna is on the verge of starvation, through sheer want of food and warmth.

The country cannot feed itself, and the Austrian money will not buy food from foreign countries, nor materials for manufactures that might be exchanged for food.

During the war vast amounts of paper money were printed which now have no value. A paper kroner, or crown, which before the war was worth 10d. in English money is now often pasted as a label on bottles of beer, because a proper label would cost more than the paper kroner is worth.

Enormous sums have to be paid in Austrian money for the simplest purchases. A suit of new clothes costs as much in Austrian money as would have equalled £220 in English money before the war. A slice of good meat costs £1, reckoned by Austrian coinage; a pair of boots £12; a shirt £6; a type-writer from £250 to £830.

£4 for a Dinner

But English or French money will buy almost anything in Vienna at a cheap rate, for the people are selling all they have to buy food. Paying in English money a good meal can be had for two shillings, but in Austrian money it would cost forty times as much.

In no house is there more than one fire, and in the hospitals newly-born children are dying of cold.

Vienna is in the position of a household that has fine furniture but no money, and must sell whatever it has at any price, merely to live. It must buy, moreover, in a costly market, and so it is impoverishing itself to live through the winter. What wealth it had is melting away, like snow in a thaw.

Since the war ended the Austrians have behaved with sound sense, but circumstances are against them, particularly in Vienna, where 2,000,000 out of the country's 7,000,000 live. What they need is that other nations shall trust them, or give them credit, till they can get to work and produce useful goods to exchange for the things they need; and in the meantime that the charity of the world should provide them with more food, and neighbouring countries supply them with fuel.

HOW A REBEL DIED

General's Last Night With His Friends

MOVING STORY FROM MEXICO

A moving story of the death of a revolutionary general comes from the city of Chihuahua, in Mexico. He was General Felipe Angeles, who had been the brain of the revolutionary army in troubled Mexico, and had many friends in the United States.

Having been sentenced to death by court-martial for rebellion against the Government, the general appealed, and, following the failure of his appeal, the sentence was carried out.

General Angeles passed his last night with a priest and a small party of friends, who sat up discussing philosophy, mathematics, politics, and religion. The general was calm all the time, and as night grew into dawn he turned aside to write letters to his sons and his wife, who was then lying ill in New York.

As the hour drew near for the execution, the general himself chose the spot against the wall where he would stand, and arranged other details with the officer in charge of the firing party. Then one volley, and all was over.

RAINLESS YEAR

Tragedy of the Never-Never Country

BRAVE SPIRIT THAT KEEPS AUSTRALIA GREAT

By an Australian Correspondent

The cables have been busy with poignant stories of the losses suffered by settlers in the drought-stricken parts of Australia.

Part of New South Wales and a good deal of South and Central Australia have been for nearly a year without rain, and we hear of the loss of hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle, of settlers shooting their horses to save them from starvation, of rabbits dying in millions; and at Tibbooburra, in the real "Never-Never" country of New South Wales, the Stock Inspector reports that the people are dependent for water on ground soakages, which threaten to fail, and that foxes and wild dogs—dingoes—are killing the weakened sheep and cattle.

Poor Tibbooburra

Australians who know the "Far-West" country of New South Wales, where Tibbooburra lies, are not surprised when they read of droughty conditions there; the settler is always engaged in a fight with the forces of Nature. "If it isn't drought, it's rabbits, and if it isn't either, it's dingoes or foxes," the people of the Never-Never will tell you, but they never think of giving up their homestead. They face their lot with a courage that thrills the town-dweller unacquainted with the ways of the Man from Outback, as these pioneers are affectionately called by Australian writers.

The Darling River that flows through the Western Division of New South Wales is many hundred miles away from Tibbooburra; when the drought is severe, it is a mere chain of waterholes.

Camels with their Afghan drivers are seen more often than any other living thing in these regions. These Ships of the Desert are the link that unites the lonely outposts of the white man to the great cities of the western plains.

"My Country"

But he must not think the whole of Australia is in the same plight as Tibbooburra; the drought, though severe, does not extend over the whole of the continent, and only Australians who have seen the effect of an inch of rain on drought-stricken country can have any idea of the marvellous transformation that is brought about in a few days. Dorothea Mackellar, a young Australian writer, gives us a hint of it all in a beautiful and passionate poem:

Core of my heart, my country!

Her pitiless blue sky,

When, sick at heart, around us

We see the cattle die—

But then the grey clouds gather,

And we can bless again

The drumming of an army,

The steady soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!

Land of the rainbow gold

For flood and fire and famine,

She pays us back threefold.

Over the thirsty paddocks,

Watch, after many days,

The filmy veil of greenness

That thickens as we gaze.

LITTLE BOY'S BALLOON

Remarkable Story

A little four-year-old boy at Cardiff has met with a sad and fatal accident while playing with his toy balloon.

The air having been blown out of it, the boy put the balloon in his mouth, and accidentally swallowed it. Soon afterwards he died, and it may be doubted whether there has ever been known a tragedy quite like this, for it is believed that when the poor boy gasped for breath, his breath inflated the balloon so that he was suffocated.

FAMOUS LITTLE MAN

MRS. TOM THUMB IS DEAD

The Tale of Two Rooms in Piccadilly

HOW THE PUBLIC BROKE AN ARTIST'S HEART

A brief cable from America recalls one of the sad ironies of life, and an odd page of the history of the Victorian era. Mrs. Tom Thumb is dead.

Tom Thumb himself was a mite of 31 inches, upon whom humorists bestowed the title of "General Tom Thumb." He adopted the name for professional purposes, and became the best-known show dwarf in the world. He married Lavinia Warren, who was 32 inches high, and her age would now be 77. Tom Thumb died in 1883, aged 45.

During his public career he was a great attraction to crowds of society people and others, who found satisfaction in associating with freaks, and let the nobler things of life go by.

The tiny man was at the height of his notoriety in 1848, when he appeared in London at the Egyptian Hall. At the same time the hall offered another attraction to the public. Benjamin Robert Haydon, a lofty-souled but unfortunate artist, was exhibiting the pictures he had designed as part of a scheme for decorating the new Houses of Parliament.

A man of genius, whose work did not always equal his ideals, he had more than once been imprisoned for debt, yet he never abandoned his love of his art.

He feared that the work of beautifying the Houses of Parliament was to be entrusted to a German artist named Cornelius, so he wrote a letter of indignant protest to the Times against what he called the German nuisance. This gave offence in high quarters, in those days when Queen Victoria was under German influence, and his chance of personal success became hopeless.

Knowing that his pictures would not be accepted for Parliament, Haydon planned his Egyptian Hall exhibition in order that the public might have an opportunity of seeing them.

So the two exhibitions competed under the same roof, and the public made its choice. What it did was to pay over £600 in a week to see Tom Thumb, and leave Haydon to face a loss of over £100 on his exhibition. As the artist sat in his silent gallery watching the crowds flock into the next room to see a dwarf, the poor artist was racked by scorn, contempt, and despair. His heart broke. He took his life. The public was shocked for an hour, but it continued to flock to see Tom Thumb.

CHRISTMAS STORY BOOKS

THE MAN WHO WENT. By Harold Spender. Morgan & Scott. 6s. 6d. net.

Mr. Spender has cast into fable form the story of the war as it appeared to simple-hearted recruits. He follows the fortunes of several lads who "joined" from a village. They are pictured as fighting for a better England, which they do not get, nor do they get even reasonably good treatment in the end. The war as seen by a private soldier is faithfully depicted; but the general tone of the picture is grey, not sunny.

MRS. DESMOND'S DAUGHTER. By E. Everett Green. Morgan & Scott. 6s. net.

Mrs. Everett Green is an experienced writer for girls, and skilfully interweaves for them several very pleasing love stories, with the war as a kind of ground-work. The book deserves a popular Christmas sale.

A KISS FOR THE JUDGE

The dignity of the law has no terrors for a child. A little boy, carried by his mother in a county court the other day, waved his hand to the barristers and threw a kiss to the judge.

LOOK ON THIS AND

ON THAT

This is "This"

An old lady sat down not long ago at a table in the refreshment room at Victoria Station, and the waitress came. "Will you bring me a cup of tea," asked the old lady, "and one of those cakes, if it is a penny?"

"They aren't a penny," snapped the waitress. "They're twopence. We have got nothing that is a penny."

"Then I will just have a cup of tea," the old lady quietly said. Not one word did she say of the rude, snappy waitress.

This is "That"

An old lady crept out of doors one cold day last month to see a pageant in London, and took up her stand outside a bank near Chancery Lane.

When the bank gates opened the old lady was asked to step inside and take a chair. Somebody else invited her to the manager's room, where lunch was spread; and after lunch she returned to the window and saw the pageant.

"In my long life I have never seen an act of kindness more tactfully performed," she said, "and yet I am just an old woman."

THERE are two ways of going through this world, but we like the bank manager at Chancery Lane better than the snappy waitress at Victoria.

WHAT THE WAR COSTS YOU

The Bill for Each of Us

The Government has been working out the debt that each person would owe if the cost of the war were divided equally between every man, woman and child in the countries that fought.

The people of the United Kingdom would, it seems, be most deeply in debt. Here is the average cost for each person:

COUNTRY	£	s.	d.
Great Britain	157	5	0
Germany	128	6	0
France	114	4	0
Austria	89	0	0
Italy	77	0	0
United States	55	5	0
Serbia	26	6	0
Rumania	19	3	0
Belgium	14	8	0
Japan	16	0	0

The countries not at war did not escape loss. Thus, Switzerland's debt because of the war reaches £12 per head, and Sweden's £3.

The larger totals are accounted for by the expense of fighting on the sea as well as on the land.

THE WRONG WORD

Curious Mistake of a Translator

An odd result of a mistranslation has occurred in connection with a wreath placed by the Prime Minister on the Cenotaph at Whitehall.

On a card attached to the wreath, Mr. Lloyd George had written the words: "A humble token of gratitude to those who died, that we might live more abundantly." The phrase "more abundantly" is, of course, from the Bible, and means simply that we may live a fuller, nobler life. But in many German newspapers the sentence is reproduced as if "more abundantly" meant more luxuriously, and one German paper quotes it as "an astonishingly frank admission of the real objects of the war."

It is a curious example of the German mind, but perhaps it is not unnatural. Bad translation has been responsible for many strange things. On the map of the British Isles is the Island of Iona. This used to be called Ioua, meaning simply the land of I, but somebody once mistook the u for an n, and it has ever since been called Iona.

INFORMATION

What Do You Want to Know?

MOTHER OF THE C.N. ANSWERS QUESTIONS

This is the age of inquiry. We all want to know. Men of science are searching with increased zeal for truth, and the results are seen in such discoveries as that of Einstein. Yet, how little we really do know.

Here is a number of interesting questions. How many can you answer? How fast does the earth travel? Where is a mirage seen in London? How many ancestors had you? How did an eclipse help to win the War? Can a man really have a halo? Can a bird fly across the world? Can a tree live for thousands of years? Is the sun ever bombarded? Has the earth a tail? What English scholar made a kingdom? How high can a geyser spout?

The answers to all these questions, with a vast amount of other interesting information, and a mass of thrilling facts about the world you live in, will be found in the January number of My Magazine, the mother of the Children's Newspaper, which can now be bought at any bookstall. It is full of beautiful pictures, many printed in colours.

TAPPING A HOT SPRING

Discovery 1000 Yards Below Derbyshire

While boring for oil in Derbyshire the workers have tapped, almost 1000 yards below the surface, a reservoir of hot sulphur-laden water, between 40 and 50 degrees warmer than the waters at Buxton, which have relieved rheumatism ever since the ancient Romans occupied England.

The borers have not found oil there, but they have found what may be a valuable cure for racking pain.

The place is Ridgeway, and is so called because it is on a ridge separating the valley of the Sheaf, a tributary of the Don, from the valley of the Drone, a tributary of the Rother.

Close by, in earlier times, was a spring to which people went to be cured, and the lane that leads to it is called locally Twentywell-lane.

Boring for oil for modern industry, it seems that men have stumbled on one of Nature's remedies for Nature's ills.

LANGUAGE REVOLUTION BY CHILDREN

A Cardinal's Story

Cardinal Mercier, the brave and good Belgian priest who defied the invading Germans in Belgium and won the admiration of the world, tells how the small boys who came to England as refugees, have gone back to their own country chattering English as if it were their natural tongue.

Some of them, he says, have almost forgotten their own Flemish tongue, and will call out in the street to their priest: "Hey, Canon, I want to speak to you!"

We hope the Belgian laddies will not forget the language they learned in exile, or the country that bade them welcome.

The Cardinal's story is an interesting example of the revolution being made by children on the Continent, to which we called attention not many weeks ago.

THREE MILES A MINUTE

The world's speed record for flying has again been broken, an Italian Marchetti aeroplane having flown 171½ miles in an hour. It is expected that this speed of nearly three miles a minute will be increased by a new propeller.

WINTER BEAUTIES

The Beach Strewn with Treasures

ANIMAL THAT LOOKS LIKE SEAWEED

By Our Country Correspondent

The idea that the cold winter months are bare of interest for the Nature lover is a mistake. Though the change from spring and summer is very marked, there are many things to be seen in winter that are not visible at other times.

For one thing, the trees have a new beauty. They are deprived of foliage, but we can now see the beautiful shapes of the timber, and it is interesting to compare their forms when bare, and learn to recognise the trees by their shapes.

An interesting object which we may see when studying the trees in this way in winter is the witch's broom, a close cluster of twigs looking for all the world like a rook's nest or a bunch of mistletoe.

The Witch's Broom

It is neither, but a malformation of the tree caused by the attacks of a minute fungus which, like the gall fly, seems to possess the power of compelling its victim to grow in such a way as to provide shelter and food for the assailant.

Just now, too, we can get a good deal of pleasure by searching for the lichens, those curious little plants that so often form a covering for bare rocks and tree trunks, living and dead. They are particularly attractive in winter when there is an absence of foliage, and we should ever be grateful to the lichens, for it is they which first grow on rocks, and by breaking up the surface prepare soil for more imposing growths.

The stone lichen is the commonest of all the family, and it is certainly one of the most beautiful.

Seaside Wonders

The seashore is as varied and interesting in winter as in summer, and a hunt on the beach and among the rockpools may prove even more fruitful in December than in June. The temperature of the water varies so slightly that seasons make little difference.

Shells and hermit crabs and seaweeds are to be found in plenty; and in sheltered nooks among the sand-hills such plants as the purple sea-lavender, the yellow horned poppy, and the pink sea milkwort, are to be seen in a flourishing condition in December.

Shells are more plentifully found in winter than in summer, for the heavy storms throw them up in large quantities. The wentletraps, or ladder-shells, for instance, the homes of creatures which live in fairly deep water, are to be found on the beach, and are well worth collecting.

December Moth is Seen

Coralline, or squirrel's tail sea-fir, can be obtained at this season. It is often mistaken for a seaweed, but it is really the horny framework of a colony of tiny creatures allied to the sea-anemones. To anyone who has not taken a walk by the beach in winter, such a stroll just now would be a real surprise and pleasure.

Butterflies and moths are rarely seen so late in the year, but there is one moth fairly common even in December, and on this account has been given the name of December moth. It is a rather attractive little creature, and is widely distributed in the British Islands.

The snipe has been seen in its winter haunts for some months past, but it is only now that it is appearing in great numbers. Sometimes there may be hundreds in a flock. They usually come at daybreak, apparently from nowhere, and descend in scores, making the marsh ring with their notes. C. R.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Pick over onions that are housed; keep them cool but protected from frost. Jerusalem artichokes may be taken up as required. In frosty weather they should be covered with litter.

Look over flower beds planted last month, and dig over the borders. Prune and train all creepers.

THREAT TO OLD KING COAL

A New Rival in His Way

OIL FOR TRAINS AND SHIPS

Old King Coal is threatened, if not with deposition, at least with competition; and everyone will be glad to hear it. Of late he has felt himself to be a king indeed, and there have been signs that he has been developing into a tyrant. We are not ungrateful to the old fellow, but we were beginning to be rather afraid of him.

Now a young competitor steps into the field, and our minds are easier, for the old one will begin to think before he grows bumptious. The name of Old King Coal's competitor is Oil.

An engine has been invented that, with a drink of oil, will run trains as fast as if they had been fed with a heavy meal of coal. The cost will be less, and the work needed will be less. It is calculated that oil-fed trains will save 16,000,000 tons of coal a year in Great Britain.

Again, the great passenger and mercantile liners are being fitted for the use of oil instead of coal; the Olympic is in process of conversion now. By using oil half the weight of the fuel carried will be saved, and more than half the space.

So, by land and by sea, Coal has more than enough to do to hold his own against his cheaper and nimbler competitor, and he would do well to cultivate a more modest attitude.

HOW LONG A FISH LIVES

Eel Over Military Age

An eel in the Christiania Zoo has just celebrated its 55th birthday, and there was a reception of Swedish naturalists interested in the patriarchal creature.

The eel was caught in a stream outside the city in 1864, and was about as long as an earth-worm, but it is now two feet long and three inches thick.

This eel probably has several years to live yet, and, compared with some fishes, it is quite a youngster. Here is the length of life of several different kinds of fish.

Eels 60 years | Carp... 150 years
Salmon... 100 years | Pike... 200 years

It is stated that there are carp still living in a lake at Versailles which were put there by Marie Antoinette before the French Revolution.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week given for London from December 15.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Monday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise	8.0 a.m.	8.2 a.m.	8.4 a.m.
Sunset	3.49 p.m.	3.49 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
Moonrise	12.51 a.m.	3.3 a.m.	5.9 a.m.
Moonset	12.13 p.m.	12.59 p.m.	1.59 p.m.
High Tide	8.18 p.m.	10.35 p.m.	11.59 a.m.

Next Week's Moon



LOST AMONG THE HILLS

There was a curious confusion of names in Mr. Justice Hill's court the other day. First one case was called, Hill against Hill; then another Hill against Hill appeared; and at last counsel asked a witness if he might take it that he was Mr. Hill, with certain Christian names.

"You may take it," retorted Mr. Hill with some warmth, "that the Christian names are nothing of the kind, and you are lost, sir, lost among the Hills."

A NATIONAL DEBT PUZZLE

Will the Debt Go Up as Prices Go Down?

PROBLEM FOR THE FUTURE

By Our Commercial Correspondent

One of the worst things about the big National Debt which has been built up is that the money the Government borrowed was spent at war prices, which means that the Government did not get good value for its money.

Now let us think what will happen if prices fall, as we all hope they will.

A fall in prices means that more goods are supplied for the same money, and therefore, as prices fall, more and more goods will have to be made to pay the same interest on the debt.

So that if we look at the real things that the Government borrowed, namely, the goods which it secured, and if we also look at the real things in which interest has to be paid—goods again—we see that the rate of interest will really rise as prices fall.

Therefore, if the Government borrowed at five per cent., and prices fell by one-half, the rate of interest would really rise to ten per cent., because the citizens would have to pay in taxes twice as many goods to satisfy the same amount of interest.

A fall in prices is bound to take place sooner or later, and therefore the rate of interest, as expressed in goods, is bound to rise correspondingly.

Whenever any considerable fall takes place, the Government will have to meet the situation by converting the National Debt, which means that it will raise a new loan at a lower rate of interest to pay off the old loan.

It should always be remembered that the greater part of our National Debt is a debt of the Government to the people, and not a debt of the nation to other nations. *It is not the nation which is in debt, but the Government.*

THE PRICE OF WAR

What Bulgaria Must Do

Bulgaria has signed the Peace. This is what she must do:

Pay £90,000,000 in 37 years.
Reduce her army to 20,000 and her police to 10,000.

Surrender all warships and submarines.
Cede Western Thrace to the Allies.
Modify her frontier in favour of Serbia.
Replace stolen coal by delivering 50,000 tons a year for five years to Bohemia.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le moulin à vent Le bras Une échelle

Le moulin à vent est sur la colline.
C'est le bras droit de cet homme.
Cette échelle est très solide.

UN PROBLÈME

Un petit garçon entre dans une épicerie. Il salue poliment l'épicier et lui dit:

"Monsieur, je voudrais une demi-livre de café à trois francs, une livre de thé à quatre francs cinquante, un kilogramme de sucre à cinquante-cinq centimes, une boîte de sardines à un franc vingt, un quart de livre de cacao à trois francs quarante, et une livre et demie de fromage à un franc soixante. Si je vous donne vingt francs, combien de monnaie me rendrez-vous?"

L'épicier calcule rapidement et dit: "Neuf francs, mon petit ami."

"Merci bien, monsieur," dit le petit garçon. "C'est la réponse du problème que j'ai à faire pour demain. Bonjour."

MILES AND MILES ABOVE THE CLOUDS

A NEW ERA IN FLIGHT?

Aeroplane that Rises a Mile in a Minute

SHALL WE RIDE IN A HELICOPTER?

One by one the problems of flight are being solved.

It is the way of all new inventions to bring new problems with them, and the problems before the flying men are still as to how high they can fly, and how soon they will be able to rise direct from the ground and to stand still in the air.

Two new ideas in this direction come into the news this week.

During the testing of a new British aeroplane a short time ago the machine climbed to a height of 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles, in two minutes.

In the Military Aeroplane Trials of 1912, held on Salisbury Plain, competing machines were required to climb 200 feet in a minute. That is the rate of progress in a period of a little more than seven years. What next shall we hear of in the realm of flight?

Machine that Hovers

To climb at a mile a minute the aeroplane is said to have "stood on its tail and shot into the air almost like a rocket." That being so, the wings of the machine would hardly have entered into account for the actual ascent of the aeroplane, the lift being almost alone due to the power given by the engine to the propeller. Thus the machine has approached nearer to the helicopter than anything yet produced.

It is with the helicopter—the machine that rises vertically from the ground and hovers—that the great future of flying rests. To give only one example of its many advantages, this type of aircraft will be able to rise from, and alight in, very small spaces, whereas aeroplanes now require enormous landing-grounds.

250 Miles an Hour

We may have a long way to go to reach the really practical helicopter, but the performance of this new British aeroplane shows that we already have engines powerful and light enough; and the experiments now being carried out by two Frenchmen, Professor Louis Lecoq and M. Louis Damblanc, using a helicopter with propellers embodying features of an ordinary aeroplane wing may bring us closer to the dawn of a new era in flight than we dare imagine.

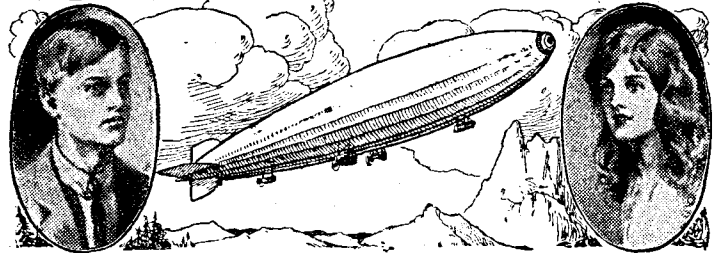
Meanwhile, the vision of aeroplanes hurtling along at a speed of 200 to 250 miles an hour, at a height of 35,000 feet, or nearly seven miles, is considered well within the bounds of possibility by a French engineer who has sold to his Government the rights in a new motor designed to work at great heights.

Nine Miles Above the Earth

Aeroplanes have already reached a height of 30,000 feet, or thereabouts, on very rare occasions, and the trouble in high flying has been the scarcity in the upper atmosphere of oxygen for breathing, and for making the explosive mixture which drives the engine. Aviators have been able to take up with them a supply of oxygen for their own use, and this new motor has apparently some device for feeding oxygen into it.

It is claimed that with this motor it will be possible to fly at a height of 45,000 feet, or even more; but, of course, life is impossible at such a height, and so it is suggested that aeroplanes of the future will have bodies that are hermetically closed, equipped with apparatus for heating and keeping up a supply of air.

THE SKY RIDERS



A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

What Has Happened Before

STELLA EARLE, a great chum of Cyril Hamer, is kidnapped by Bertram Kent and taken away in an airship built from plans stolen from Cyril's father, Mr. Martin Hamer.

Stella's uncle, Mortimer Carne, a Steel King and Mr. Hamer's employer, receives a letter from Kent, who has fled to Africa, offering to restore Stella for £50,000 and all rights in the airship, an offer which is not accepted.

A new ship, called the Avenger, is built, and, with Mr. Hamer, Mr. Carne, Cyril, Tim McKeown, and four men from Carne's works as crew, they go in search of Kent.

Cyril and Tim become detached from the others when in the Sahara Desert, and have some exciting adventures with the Touaregs, a band of raiding Arabs.

They are rescued by the Avenger just as they have come to the end of their ammunition, and as they are about to go aboard a wounded Arab attacks Tim, who is not harmed.

They learn from this Arab, Houssein, the probable hiding-place of Kent, in the Mountain of Death, as the tribesman calls it, and set out at once in search.

After a time they see Kent's airship in the distance, but it suddenly disappears in what seems to be a huge rift in a mountain side.

They drift silently over the mountain, and a marvellous scene below meets their eyes.

CHAPTER 30 The Hollow Hill

THE mountain was hollow. Instead of a vast stretch of barren rock, which Cyril and all of them had expected, the mountain top was scooped out like a gigantic Stilton cheese. Bare at their summits, but heavily wooded below, gentle slopes ran down to a central basin filled with water. The Avenger's crew looked down, from the airy heights at which they floated, upon a great lake. The sun was now so low that its slanting rays did not reach the surface, which lay like a vast mirror of polished steel, stretching for miles towards the west.

Mr. Hamer stared as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

"The last thing I expected!" he said at last.

"This odd desert is full of surprises," remarked Tim; but no one paid the least attention. They were too deeply engaged in gazing downwards. From the tremendous height at which the Avenger floated, everything below was reduced to toy-like dimensions, yet, even so, it was clear that the lake was a very large stretch of water, and that the forest surrounding it was a regular jungle.

"This complicates matters," said Mr. Hamer gravely. "If we have to search this great basin it may take us weeks—months even."

"I don't care if it takes years," growled the ironmaster in his throat. "We'll find Stella."

"There's the rift!" said Cyril suddenly. "That's the way by which Kent's airship entered."

More betoken, there she is this minute," added Tim. "D'ye see her—there in the little bay—lying on a raft on the water?"

Sure enough, Tim's sharp eyes had picked out Kent's airship lying on a raft, or platform, in a small bay on

the far side of the lake. At this distance she looked about the size of a lead pencil, and, half-hidden as she was by the great trees overhanging the lake, she was very difficult to distinguish at all.

"There she is—at our mercy—just as I told you," said Cyril triumphantly.

He turned eagerly to his father. "Let's drop and bomb her."

Mr. Hamer shook his head.

"Madness, Cyril! We must wait for night before we try anything of that sort."

"But then there will be no one there. They will all have gone to their tents or cave, or wherever they live."

"That is quite likely," allowed his father; "but, all the same, I don't think we should do any good by bombing Kent's airship. It would only make him desperate."

"It's not to be thought of," put in Stella's uncle sharply. "The brute might revenge himself on Stella."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Cyril, rather crestfallen. "Well, what are we to do?"

"Get away as quickly as possible before they see us," replied his father.

"Mackenzie! Start the aft engine with the silencer," he ordered.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Mackenzie, and went off at once. A few moments later the engine opened up, but instead of its usual rattling roar, only a muffled thudding was heard. Mr. Hamer himself took the tiller, and the Avenger, turning northwards, drew steadily away.

Mr. Hamer kept her going until the lake and the whole interior of the hollow mountain had faded from sight. Then he turned westwards, and they went sliding down in a long, steady slant.

"What are you making for, Dad?" asked Cyril.

"The western end of the mountain. A lake like this must have some outlet, and since it is not at the eastern end it stands to reason it must be at the west. Ah," he continued, "I thought as much!"

Thin as a thread and dim in the fast gathering twilight, a silver streak became visible meandering across the desert, edged on either side with a broad belt of green. As the Avenger came nearer, this resolved itself into a river, which broke out through a deep canyon at the western end of the mountain.

"Fresh water, and trees to hide us," said Mr. Hamer, with a sigh of relief. "Now, at any rate, we have a starting-point."

Presently the Avenger was hovering just over the forest. Mr. Hamer picked an open glade, and into this she dropped, alighting as softly as a feather on thick grass.

CHAPTER 31

A Light in the Night

"THERE, she's all snug!" observed Cyril, as the last mooring rope was made fast.

Tim, with his sleeves rolled up over his sturdy elbows, straightened his back and wiped the perspiration from his streaming face. He looked up doubtfully at the sky, now strewn with stars.

"But supposing ould Kent takes a fly over us, what's to prevent him wipin' us all out?"

"Camouflage!" Cyril answered promptly. "First thing in the morning we are going to cover her up with that green cloth we brought along. That and a few branches, and we'll be absolutely invisible from above."

"All I hope is that Kent hasn't got wind of our arrival," growled Carne, who was standing close by. "A risky business, I call it, crossing the mountain like that."

"It's a thousand to one against their having noticed us," said Mr. Hamer. "But come into the car, where we can talk things over."

The whole party gathered in the central car to make up their minds what was best to do. Mr. Hamer's notion was a night attack on Kent's airship.

"Smash his airship, and he's bound to come to terms," he said.

Mr. Carne was against it.

"The fellow has had time to make provision against that sort of thing," he declared. "He'll have some way out, and before he goes will hand Stella over to these abominable savages he talks of in his letter."

"What is your plan, then?" asked Mr. Hamer.

"We must first find out where Kent's stronghold is," answered the ironmaster.

"Easier said than done," answered Mr. Hamer drily.

"Couldn't we work up through that rift?" suggested Cyril. "From the top we could watch and see what's happening below."

"That's the trick, sir," put in Tim eagerly. "Let Masther Cyril and me go and scout."

Mr. Carne nodded.

"A good idea," he said. "You two boys can do better than men on work like this."

Mr. Hamer did not like it—that was plain. But in the end he agreed, and it was decided that a start should be made the very next day.

Cyril went off to his hammock fairly tingling with excitement. This was going to be the biggest adventure of all, and if only Kent was still ignorant of the coming of the Avenger, Cyril felt that he and Tim had a good chance of success.

Cyril had just got into his pyjamas when he heard a whispering near by. He slipped outside. Mackenzie and Carter were standing on the grass, gazing in the direction of the mountain.

"I tell ye 'tis a searchlight!" he heard Mackenzie say. "Have I not seen hundreds in the war?"

Cyril looked. Faint and far in the distance, to the eastward, a pencil of pale light moved to and fro across the star-strewn sky.

Carter stirred uneasily.

"Ay," he replied; "it's a searchlight right enough. Then that son o' sin is watching for us, Mac."

"He is that," replied Mackenzie. "But say nothing. It's nae manner of use to be troubling the old man's mind."

Cyril crept quietly back to his hammock. A good deal of his confidence had disappeared.

CHAPTER 32 The Silent Forest

TIM paused on a rocky ledge. He was breathing hard.

"I'd never have thought this ould mountain was half the size," he remarked.

Cyril looked ruefully up at the long and steep ascent which still rose in front of them.

"No more would I," he agreed. "Tim, my throat's like a limekiln. I must have a go at my water-bottle before I take another step."

"Just a wet, then," said Tim warningly. "It's not a lot of water we've got left, and maybe we won't find a spring so aisy, even when we are over the lip o' the rift up there."

Cyril uncorked his felt-covered bottle and took one mouthful of its lukewarm contents; then the two toiled onwards. This was the second day since leaving

the Avenger, and Cyril and Tim had now been climbing for more than three hours, but the top of the mountain was still a long way off.

At last, aching, blistered and foot-sore, they reached the raw summit of the pass, and looked down through the wide rift into the depths of the immense hollow.

Cyril drew a long breath. "It's like fairyland," he said.

"Wid some mighty funny fairies in it!" retorted Tim. "Be getting on, if ye plaze. It's a sight too plain we are perched up here against the sky."

The advice was good, and they hurried on down a steep bush-covered slope until they reached the taller timber below. Here Cyril flung himself down in the shade of a thick, shrubby tree.

Tim did the same.

"Sure, we've earned a bit of a rest," he said. "And now what will we do?"

"Find a place to camp," replied Cyril promptly. "We must have a good sleep first; then in the morning we shall be fit for real scouting."

Tim nodded.

"Deed, but you're right. It's meself couldn't tackle a rabbit tonight, let alone a grown man."

Dusk was falling as they went forward again. There was not a breath of wind, and the great wood around them was deathly still. There seemed to be no life in it, and a dry twig, cracking under foot, sounded as loud as a pistol-shot. Now that they were among the trees, they could see nothing of the lake. It was all one tremendous tangle of green leaves and creepers.

It grew thicker and thicker. Cyril stopped.

"This is no good to us, Tim. We'd better go back and camp on the edge of the wood."

Tim merely nodded, and they turned.

Presently Tim pulled up.

"Did ye hear anything?" he whispered uneasily.

"No," answered Cyril, almost crossly. "I only wish I could."

"But I did," answered the Irish boy. "I'm thinking we're followed."

"Nonsense! Who'd follow us?"

Tim caught him by the arm and drew him down behind a huge creeper-clad trunk.

"Whist, now!" he muttered.

They lay, hardly breathing, straining their ears.

Kipling's lines came back to Cyril:

"Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak."

A minute passed—another. Still there was no sound.

Suddenly Tim gripped Cyril's arm so hard it hurt. With the other hand he pointed.

There was a bush opposite, a low bush with large, dull-green, leathery leaves.

Over the top of it a head was visible. How it came there, Cyril could not tell, for there had not been the slightest sound that he could hear.

It was the head of a black man, with a face so appallingly, repulsively hideous that the sight of it made Cyril's blood run cold.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What does F.R.S. Mean? F.R.S. means Fellow of the Royal Society.

What is a Protocol? A protocol is the first draft of a document or provision to be embodied in a treaty.

What are Gilt-Edged Securities? Investments, like Government stock, that are absolutely sound. The name arose when many public companies were collapsing, and refers to the superiority of a gilt-edged book over an ordinary volume.

Five-Minute Story

PETER'S BOAT

THE stream had been quite shallow when Peter Brown crossed it in the morning on his way to school. He had stood on the little bridge that spanned it at this point, and had noticed the pebbles at the bottom, red and brown and yellow, only a few inches from the surface.

It was a noisy, brawling, little stream, that had its origin away back among the hills.

Peter knew nothing of the terrific thunder-storm among the hills the previous night, or of the rainfall, the heaviest ever seen there. So he went on blithely enough to school.

It was a long walk to the village from the bridge, and Peter was the only pupil who came that way.

He turned and saw the smoke from his mother's cottage rising into the peaceful air. The cottage was at no great distance from the bridge, but stood considerably higher up because of the winter floods.

There stood the cottage, red-roofed, warm, and comfortable; there, too, stood his mother and little sister, waving a farewell.

The scene that met him on his return would seem incredible to those who have not lived near the hills. The bridge was gone—washed away. The stream had risen, and overflowed the meadows and banks. A great sheet of water surrounded the cottage, and was threatening to submerge it. Trees, cows, sheep, and horses were being swept down the valley every minute by the raging waters. As Peter gazed aghast, the walls of the cottage seemed to tremble under the pressure of the water. Terror possessed him. What had become of his mother and his sister? Were they drowned, or were they still inside?

Peter did not give way to despair. A thought came to him. He went higher up the stream to where it ran between high banks, and waited until he saw a tree of some size floating.

He leaped on it, staggered, and sank down, clasping his arms tightly around it.

Peter had a plan for steering the log on which he lay towards the cottage. He trailed first one foot and then the other in the water, and made the tree turn quickly in the direction he wanted, as if it were alive.

He reached the house, fastened the log securely, and went indoors. His mother and little sister were upstairs in a bedroom, terrified and speechless.

But at the sight of Peter they recovered their courage, and consented to leave the house on the strange craft, as the walls were threatening to collapse every minute.

A strange picture they made to a group of waiting neighbours when they landed, quite safely, nearly a mile below the cottage, in Peter's "boat," as the neighbours styled the tree ever after.



He Who Sings Drives Away Care

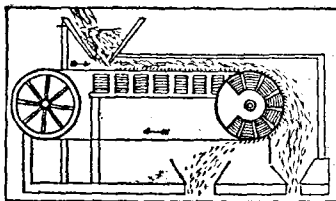


Dr. MERRYMAN

"AND what are you going to call your verses?"
"A Broken Vase."
"Ah! That reminds me of a little thing our servant girl dashed off the other day."

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is Iron Ore Separated?



The crushed ore falls on a belt passing over magnets. The stone falls into one hopper, while the metal is held on by the magnets until another hopper is reached.

A CERTAIN young lady of Glasgow, Past her window once saw a lass go;
The window it broke,
And she said for a joke
Now I know why they call the town "glass go."

All My Eye

WHEN we want to suggest that something is all nonsense, we say it is "All my eye."

This is a shortened form of "All my eye and Betty Martin," and is said to have originated with a British sailor who, going into a foreign church and hearing someone pray in Latin, "Ah! mihi, beate Martiné," which means "Ah, grant me, Blessed Martin," said afterwards he could not make head or tail of what the worshipper said; it sounded like "All my eye and Betty Martin."

Which?

FAIR woman was made to be witch;
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing or curse,
Fair woman was made to be which?

Is Your Name Hunt?

THEN one of your early ancestors was known as a professional or very skilful huntsman, and this name, given first of all as a description—John or William of the Hunt—became his surname, and was handed on to you. Hunter has the same origin.

Topsy-Turvy Arithmetic

WHAT three numbers do I mean
Which placed together make nineteen;
From which you take the fourth of four,
And there remains an even score?

Solution next week

Do You Live in Wolverhampton?
WOLVERHAMPTON was formerly just Hampton, which means "high hill." Afterwards it became Wulfrumshampton, after Wulfrum, the beautiful sister of the king who founded St. Peter's Church at Wolverhampton.

The Poor Viper

A VIPER bit a Cappadocian's hide;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Is Your Name Here?

THE names represented by the pictures were Eustace and Eva.

A Wonderful Number $\frac{9+9}{9} = 20$

Jacko's Good Turn

MOTHER JACKO was going away, and there was a great to-do to get her off.

"Now, no nonsense about luggage," said Father Jacko. "One small case and no more." And Mother Jacko cried out: "I'm sure, my dear, a little bag is all I want."

But when she tried to pack the little bag her things simply wouldn't go into it, and at last Jacko was sent upstairs to bring down the big trunk.

"But how will you get it to the station?" asked Belinda.

"Jacko will carry it; he'll manage it—won't you, Jacko?"

Jacko thought he might, and when he caught sight of the sixpence his mother pulled out he was quite sure of it.

He had the box down in a twinkling. Belinda packed it, and his mother locked it, and father, smoking his pipe in the kitchen below, knew nothing at all about it.

Jacko began to feel rather important. The trunk was an awful weight, but he got to the station, and he was carrying it along the platform when his mother cried:

"Oh, mercy! Here's your father!"

She was staring with her mouth open, and looked so terrified that Jacko burst out laughing. He laughed till he shook, and he shook till he dropped the trunk. Down it fell with a bump, and over it rolled. It crashed into his mother, knocked her down, and sat on her. And before Jacko could say a word up came his



It crashed into his mother

father and gave him a sound box on the ears.

"Well," exclaimed Jacko as he ran off, "I do a golden deed, and that's all the thanks I get!"

Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to find their mother and father in Africa. They lose their money, recover it, and meet a boy.

CHAPTER 10

RAGS snarled and struggled so furiously to get at him that it was as much as Molly could do to hold him back.

"Down, Rags!" she shouted. "Quiet, sir!"

"His name ain't Rags," grinned the boy. "It's Rough. His master lives over there, and when he goes home he won't half get a licking!"

"What do you want?" asked Hoity coldly.

"You two," said the boy darkly. "I was looking for you. You're Hoity Toity, and she's your sister, Molly Coddle."

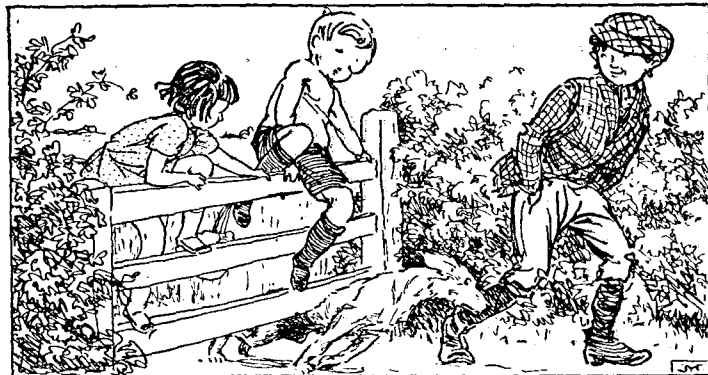
"But I don't know you," faltered Hoity, astonished.

"I know your auntie," grinned the boy. "She went along the road in a motor-car, and asked me if I'd seen you, and told me your names, and said if I caught you I was to give you to the police."

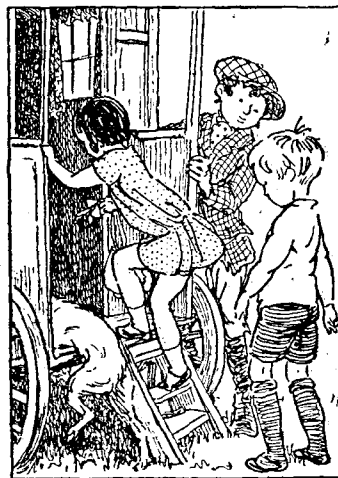
"Oh, well, be a sneak!" sneered Hoity.

"What'll you give me," inquired the boy, "if I keep quiet and say nothing?"

After a little talk they offered him twopence, but as he



It seemed better to keep friendly with the gipsy boy, so they followed him



They climbed the short steps at the back and stepped inside



"Hoity," she whispered, horrified, "he's locked us in!"

would not take less than fourpence they gave him that amount.

"Your aunt'll be coming back presently," he warned them, "and if you don't hide she might spot you."

As they eyed each other doubtfully, he added:

"My name's Moses. I'm a gipsy." They had guessed that. "You come to our caravan—it's close by. My father's gone to the village, and my mother and grandmother are selling things at the farms. Nobody's at home, and you can hide inside and watch till she goes by on the way back."

They hesitated, but it seemed better to keep friendly with him, so they followed him across the field to a waste patch where two caravans were standing.

"Step in here," he said, taking them to the one nearest the high-road, "and watch till you see her go past, then you'll be all right."

They climbed the short, steep steps at the back and stepped inside, Rags following at their heels; and with a knowing grin and a nod the gipsy shut them in.

It was a tiny room, with dresses hanging in it, a bed on a broad shelf at the end, and a small curtained window at the side, from which they could see the road clearly. But while they were peering out Molly caught a grating sound, and ran to the door.

"Hoity," she whispered, horrified, "he's locked us in!"

More next week.

Who Was He?

The Good Chancellor

IT seems curious today to think of a distinguished scholar and statesman being born in a little street off Cheapside, in the heart of the City of London, and going to school in Threadneedle Street, where the Bank of England stands. Yet four or five centuries ago this was the experience of one of England's most distinguished sons.

In those days it was the practice for well-bred lads, after learning the rudiments of knowledge at school, to be placed as pages in the families of noble men, and this lad joined the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor of England.

At seventeen years of age he went to Oxford University, and became the close friend of the two most distinguished scholars of the day, and, after leaving Oxford, studied law in London.

He married and had a family, and his household was one of the most delightful in all England. The greatest scholar of the day has left us a very pleasant account of life in this happy home, and has immortalised the pet rabbit and the monkey.

The king of England used to visit the house a great deal, and delighted in the conversation of the father, who, after he had been Speaker of the House of Commons, was appointed Lord High Chancellor. He never loved Court or official life, however, and regretted the time spent away from his books, his family, and his scholarly friends. After two years he resigned.

He has left us a famous book, which is read today, describing an ideal state of society.

After a time, the king, who was really a bad and base man, wanted this scholar to do something against his conscience, and when he refused sent him to the Tower of London.

There his favourite daughter visited him, but his wife was allowed to see him only once. The mean king, when he found that the scholar spent his time in writing, deprived him of paper and ink; but a kindly warder left sheets of paper about on the sly, and the prisoner was able to write with charcoal made in his prison fireplace.

He was tried on a false charge of treason, and sentenced to death by beheading. At the scaffold the prisoner laid his head upon the block, and then asked the executioner to wait while he moved his beard. "Pity that this should be cut," said he with grim wit, "which has committed no treason." And they were his last words. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last week's name—Benjamin Franklin

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December 13, 1919

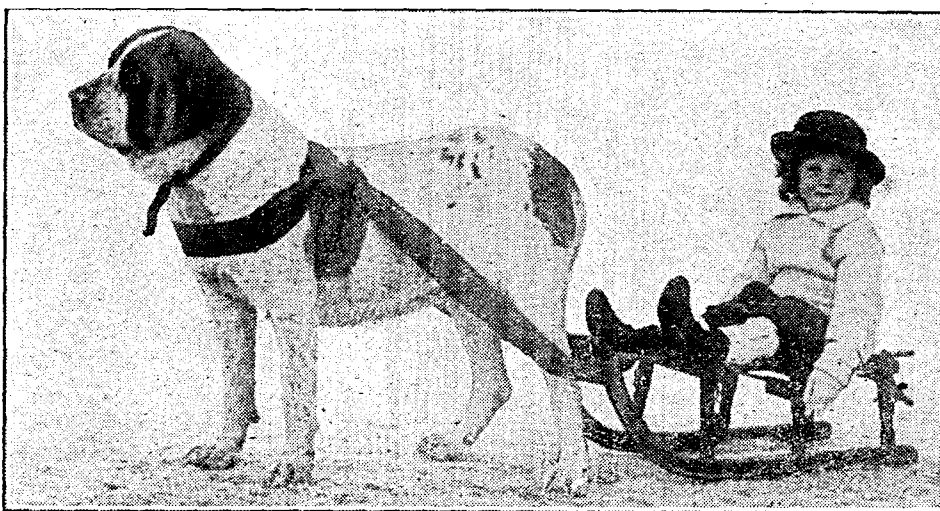
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PIGMY HIPPOS · FROZEN PORT · QUEEN & RED MEN · TAKING DADDIE TO THE KING



Pigmy hippos from West Africa in the New York Zoo. They are four years old and less than two feet high



Overcoming transport difficulties—A little visitor to Switzerland goes to Alpine sports in a sleigh drawn by a fine St. Bernard dog



Prepared for a spill—A young tobogganer in Switzerland wearing an ice helmet



A broken journey in the snow—Two happy children come to a sudden stop on the toboggan run



Taking Daddie to get his medals—Lieutenant-Colonel Airey with his two daughters, and Brigadier-General Walker with his two sons, outside Buckingham Palace



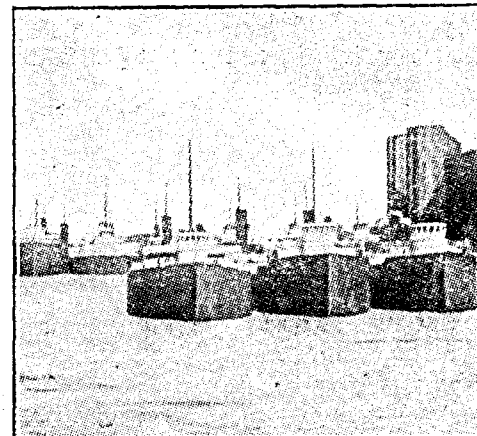
Lady Astor, M.P., with her family—She is the first lady to sit in the House of Commons



Princess Mary among the land girls—Pulling a cracker after presenting medals. See page three



Belgian Queen visiting Red Indian chiefs at their home in Arizona during her recent tour in America



Frozen port—Cargo steamers ice-bound in the St. Lawrence river in Canada. See page five



American children leave a bouquet at White House for President Wilson's sick room

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